

THE GRAPIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 719.—VOL. XXVIII.

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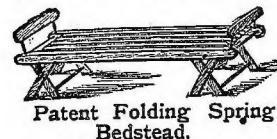
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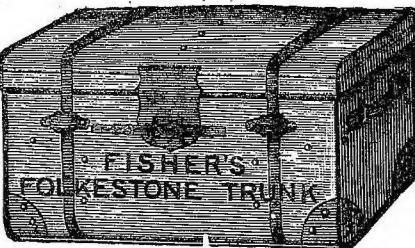
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FRANCE AND CHINA.—Some time ago Frenchmen laughed at English political writers for solemnly pretending, as it was said, that the difficulties in Annam and Tonkin might lead to a war with China. The notion no longer seems ridiculous to them, although we may hope that it is not yet too late to prevent so grave a calamity. Certainly England has good reason to do what she can to prevent it; for, however a Franco-Chinese war might end, it could not but affect our interests injuriously. If the French succeeded, a powerful element hostile—or, at any rate, not friendly—to this country would be introduced into Eastern politics; and, if they met with reverses, discredit would be brought upon all Europeans. Moreover, during the progress of the war, English commerce in the East would necessarily be very much hampered and crippled. According to Colonel Gordon, who has, perhaps, a more intimate knowledge of China than any other Englishman, the Chinese are convinced that the force of events would compel us, whether we liked it or not, to take part with them; and he thinks that they would find means to make it difficult for us to hold aloof. It is highly improbable that England, even under great provocation, would interfere; but such a war would not increase the cordiality of what is still rather oddly called the Anglo-French Alliance. For the French themselves, a war with China could not, in the present condition of Europe, be an advantage. It would absorb their attention, and exhaust much of their energy, at the very time when, as they see with alarm, Germany is steadily isolating them, and ostentatiously reminding them of their humiliations. It will be strange if in these circumstances French statesmen do not perceive that a war with China would be a foolish and most dangerous enterprise, and if they are not prepared to make what may seem to them very considerable sacrifices in order to avoid it.

THE CHOLERA VICTIMS IN EGYPT.—We make no sort of doubt that the fund just initiated by the Lord Mayor for the relief of the miserable Egyptian families whose bread-winners have been snatched away by cholera will meet with a most generous response. In the case of the Ischia calamity, there may have been some doubts as to whether the Italian Government, which spends so lavishly on gigantic ironclads, should not be left to bear the responsibility of affording relief. But it is quite certain that if England does not come to the help of the suffering fellahs, they will get no assistance from any quarter. The Khédive has a kind heart, and is full of good intentions towards his subjects, but the Egyptian Treasury has had many claims upon it lately, and nothing remains for works of charity. In some sense, too, we are responsible for the ravages, although not for the outbreak, of the disease. Practically, the government of the country has been in our hands ever since the downfall of Arabi; and if, therefore, there was gross and criminal neglect at first, in the matter of sanitary precautions, the Egyptians might argue, with some show of reason, that it was partly our fault, for not at once superseding the incriminated officials. Putting the matter, however, purely on the ground of humanity, there has rarely been a stronger case made out for the exercise of British benevolence. Well may the unfortunate women and children, who are now face to face with starvation, regret that they, too, did not fall victims to cholera. No one who has not personally witnessed the misery which falls upon an Eastern family in poor circumstances when the bread-winner is suddenly snatched away can form any idea of its acuteness. And if this be the case under ordinary circumstances, it requires no showing to demonstrate the infinity of wretchedness which must prevail when scores of families in a single village have been simultaneously deprived of their only means of subsistence.

ARMED POLICEMEN.—The confidence which the public have in the Police is shown by the pretty general assent which has been vouchsafed to the proposal for arming policemen with revolvers; the authorities, however, will doubtless give this plan very anxious consideration before entertaining it. There are some excellent men in the force, but there are some nervous members too, and a scared constable fingering a "six-shooter" on a dark night in a retired street, and in the face of a lonely man, presents no re-assuring picture to the imagination. Everything happens, and that some excitable policeman should shoot a peaceful householder returning home late would almost be in the natural order of things. Policemen run many risks of their lives, but so do prison warders, attendants in mad-houses, and keepers in menageries; yet it is not usual to arm these persons with revolvers, because experience shows that weak men in danger, not of death merely, but of common injury, are placed under strong temptation to use whatever weapon they may have about them. There are two ways by which the exploits of armed burglars might be checked; the one is to send out policemen in patrols of two at night instead of leaving them on their beats singly; and the other is to establish a marked difference between the penalty for common burglary and that for burglary with bodily violence. The burglar who shoots ought to be treated like the highway robber who garottes his victim. If burglars got to know that any use of deadly arms on their part would render them liable to a flogging, it is

probable that they would trust to their natural weapons of defence, and when over-matched surrender rather than put themselves in a worse case. Flogging has been found most efficacious with garotters. It is the one punishment which appeals forcibly and unmistakably to the understanding of offenders. We often hear of "hardened criminals," but never of criminals with hardened backs.

GERMAN WARNINGS.—This week the *North German Gazette* has displayed once more the tone of expostulation, if not of menace, with which it has lately been irritating and alarming France. Its original ground of complaint was that French newspapers habitually insult Germany; now it finds fault with Frenchman for declining to regard the Treaty of Frankfort as a final settlement of the relations of the two countries. It is true, of course, that Frenchmen look forward to a time when they will be able to snatch from Germany the results of her victories. We may even say, perhaps, that there is not a Frenchman who would not consider himself eternally disgraced if he abandoned the hope and conviction that Alsace and Lorraine will be one day restored to the country from which they were torn in 1871. This is disagreeable for the Germans, no doubt; but it is hard to understand why Frenchmen should be seriously blamed for it. No nation has ever been willing to regard as other than temporary a Treaty wrung from it after a series of terrible reverses. After the Battle of Jena Prussia acceded to terms of peace even more humiliating than those of which France has so bitter a recollection. Did the Prussian people suppose that they were bound in honour to acknowledge for ever French supremacy? On the contrary, they began at once to prepare for a new struggle; and there is nothing in their history of which they are prouder than of the conflict in which, with the aid of powerful allies, they recovered the territory which had been taken from them. The French have as good a right now as the Prussians had then to indulge in dreams of a more prosperous era; and it is surprising that their doing so should be petulantly resented in the organ of the German Foreign Office. All the same, Frenchmen would act imprudently if they did not pay heed to these repeated warnings. There can be little doubt that Germany desires sincerely to maintain peace; but too much talk about the war of revenge may suggest to her that a struggle is inevitable, and that it should be undertaken at a time when her army is thoroughly equipped for it.

THE BERLIN TRAGEDY.—At last has happened that terrible slaughter of human beings which most English travellers on the Continent have been predicting for years past. To them it appeared that, sooner or later, there must be some hideous tragedy at a level crossing. We are by no means perfect in England in that respect, but to see how far human recklessness can go a Continental railway journey must be undertaken. The only wonder is that this happy-go-lucky system did not long ago bring about some shocking catastrophe like that which occurred near Berlin last Sunday. Given a number of stations at which passengers have to cross the rails to get from the one platform to the other, and the rushing of an express train through a dense crowd of excursionists would seem to follow as a matter of course. A level crossing is bad enough even when far away from any station; there is always the chance that a train will come dashing up just at the moment when least expected. But a level crossing at a station is simply a trap for human beings, and those who set it ought to be prosecuted for attempted manslaughter. In the case of the Steglitz catastrophe it is not merely a railway company that has to be put into the dock, but the Prussian Chamber itself. The line belongs to the State, and some five months ago the Minister of Public Works asked the Chamber to sanction the construction of a tunnel beneath the railway at Steglitz, so as to do away with the level crossing. Unhappily, the Chamber refused to endorse this proposal, and the Minister of Public Works could not make the subway for want of funds. With these facts in view, it is much to be regretted that the Legislature cannot be arraigned bodily on a charge of manslaughter. If that could be done, and if all the members who voted against the Minister of Public Works were imprisoned for a month or two, level crossings would soon show a sensible reduction in Germany. Even in England, the public would be as horrified as astonished were they made acquainted with the immense number of instances in which fatalities are escaped by the merest hair's breadth. Whenever the subject of level crossings crops up in conversation, cases of the sort are sure to be related, followed by a unanimous verdict that the existence of such sources of danger reflects discredit on our railway system, admirable as it is in most respects. With this judgment we entirely agree.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—In a few days Westminster School is going to open, after the holidays, under a new Head Master, Mr. Rutherford; and it is to be hoped this will mark the beginning of a new era for the oldest school in the kingdom. As the *Times* has just pointed out in an interesting article, Westminster has been out of luck for the last half-century. It has had good masters, and many brilliant pupils; but parents have shown a preference for colleges situated in the country, and Westminster has had much less than its fair share of patronage. Its friends ought not to despair, however, remembering to what a low point Harrow had sunk when Dr. Vaughan became Head Master. There were no more than sixty-seven boys at the time, and they

were such an ill-conditioned lot that Dr. Vaughan had serious thoughts of dismissing them all in a body. Rugby, again, was in a sorry plight when Dr. Arnold first took charge of it; and it had another fall, a few years ago, in consequence of the disputes about Dr. Hayman. An able Head Master has the making of a school, to a large extent, in his own hands. Dr. Vaughan raised the members of Harrow to over four hundred; and the sudden rise of Cheltenham and Marlborough to the rank of first-class schools while Westminster was decaying are facts which Mr. Rutherford will have to bear in mind. The best prospects of Westminster seem to lie in a broad extension of the day-pupil system, which was encouraged by the late Head Master, Dr. Scott, with good results. It is certain that, in a city of five million inhabitants, there must be people who would prefer to see their children educated near home instead of sending them away; and the suggestion formerly started of removing Westminster into the country is not one that should be even discussed. The task which Mr. Rutherford will have to undertake is that of winning back the confidence of the public to Westminster. It was once the favourite school of Londoners, and might well become so again.

THE COMTE DE PARIS.—The quarrel about precedence at the funeral of the Comte de Chambord proves that the Comte de Paris is not to have the support of the whole of the Legitimist party. Some of them refuse to recognise in him a true representative of the sacred principle of Divine Right; and probably they will cling obstinately to their venerable, although now slightly ridiculous, dogmas. The really influential members of the party have frankly acknowledged the claim of the Comte de Paris to be the heir to what they call the Throne of France; and it is not impossible that his absence from the funeral will tend rather to strengthen than to weaken his position. Had there been the slightest suspicion that he had any hankering after the White Flag, and the ideas of which it is the symbol, he would have become, like the Comte de Chambord, a merely picturesque figure in French politics. Now he stands forth more definitely than ever as one who wishes to become the head only of a constitutional monarchy; and that prevents him, at least, from being an absolutely impossible Pretender. It is noteworthy that the Monarchical journals which are supposed to give expression to the convictions of the Comte de Paris speak of his accession as an end that must be accomplished by peaceful and lawful means. They wish to see him called to the throne by the voice of the French people; and declare that, if he is to reach it, he will do so without even a window being broken. There is no reason to question the sincerity of these professions; and Republicans cannot logically complain of a party which recognises the supremacy of the national will as expressed by constitutional methods. Nevertheless, the Comte de Paris is likely to be closely watched, and the slightest indiscretion on his part would lead to his expatriation. Fortunately, however, the leading upholders of the existing system seem to understand that the only effective guarantee of the Republic is a firm and wise policy, which will make the majority of Frenchmen content with things as they are.

RUTLAND ELECTION.—The success of the Conservative candidate for Rutlandshire was not unexpected, although certain Radical organs rather injudiciously vaunted beforehand that the constituency would seize the opportunity to increase Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary strength. But not the most sanguine seer at the Carlton forecasted such an overwhelming majority for Mr. Lowther. He polled more than four times the number of votes given to his antagonist, and that, too, although the latter had the advantage—no slight one—of being a local man and large employer of labour. The truth is that the contest greatly partook of the character of a "leap in the dark." No election had been fought since 1841, when a Liberal headed the poll after a close and exciting struggle. The parties being thus equally divided, it was tacitly agreed among the great territorial families to share the representation, and this compact was faithfully observed for many years. But in 1865 the Liberal member, Mr. G. H. Heathcote, was raised to the Peerage, and a Conservative slipped into his place, thereby securing the entire representation for that party. No attempt was subsequently made by the Liberals to recover the lost seat, and it was accordingly understood that they had reason to believe it would be a hopeless endeavour. But during the last few years Liberalism has shown much more sympathy than formerly for the agricultural interest, and as the ballot box tells no tales, it was fondly imagined that the farmers of Rutlandshire would seize the first opportunity to emancipate themselves from the electoral control of their landlords. The assumption lying at the back of this reasoning was that, in former times, the farmers did not dare to vote in accordance with their political convictions; in other words, that they were Liberals in principle at home, but Tories under compulsion at the polling booths. As the result of the present contest utterly upsets that fallacy, those who are making sure of securing the agricultural labourer to vote for the Liberal party may possibly find that he, too, is a thorough-going Conservative. The grumbling of rurals is not as the grumbling of townsmen; it passes from the teeth outwards, and acts as a pleasant purge for political humours.

MARWOOD.—It seems that there are always men ready to hang other men, for when Calcraft retired from office more than three hundred candidates sought his post. It would have been interesting to see in what terms these gentlemen stated their qualifications, though no doubt the reading of the letters must have shot light horrors through the pulses of the officials entrusted with the disagreeable duty of selection. We believe the hangman holds an appointment under the City of London; he is supposed to be executioner for the Gaol of Newgate; and when he plies his avocations in the provinces it is by special invitation from individual sheriffs. Marwood monopolised most of the gallows work because he had acquired a reputation for putting criminals to death neatly. He invented the "long drop"; also a brass "thimble" fitting under the patient's chin, which is a delightful article to muse upon, but which need not be more particularly described. If one man succeeds to all Marwood's business it is to be hoped that he will continue in the professional ways that have been found successful, but it must be trusted that he will talk less to newspaper reporters than Marwood did. The sheriffs who employ him might give him a hint as to the confidential nature of his functions. Marwood often took it upon himself to review the Secretary of State's decisions, and to express his regret that criminals were not for their own sakes cut off from all hopes of respite or commutation; "for it is better," said he, "that they should know what to expect from the first." If this was the hangman's little way of joking, it was a very grim way. Marwood, again, though so communicative to reporters in his leisure moments, objected to their being allowed to witness his operations; and it is understood that representatives of the Press were frequently excluded from executions for no other reason but that he disliked them. It ought to be enough to point out on this subject that the Act of 1868 for carrying out death sentences within prison walls was passed on the express condition that the accredited reporters of newspapers should be permitted to witness executions; nor is it a good thing that this right of the Press should be allowed to lapse. Respectable people do not desire sensational accounts of executions, but they want to know that the supreme penalty of the law is inflicted in a proper fashion, and that if any bungling takes place it is not hushed up by prison officials. Marwood, for all his boasted science, bungled more than once, and, being a restless, contriving man, was probably kept from rash experiments by a little of that Press supervision which he deprecated.

FIELDING.—Mr. Lowell discharged with his usual ability the duty with which he was entrusted at Taunton the other day. He indicated very happily the leading qualities of Fielding's genius, and marked well his true place in the development of English literature. It is not creditable to England that there is as yet no really national monument of this great writer. The excuse usually given is that Fielding is sometimes very coarse; but, as Mr. Lowell truly said, this can hardly be regarded as a sufficient reason if Dryden's bust in Westminster Abbey is in the right place. After all, Fielding's coarseness was rather a peculiarity of his age than an expression of his individual character; and a critic almost forgets it in recalling his high and rare qualities. In Fielding's writings we must not, of course, look for searching analysis and subtle thought. The literary ancestor of novelists who have developed these characteristic was Richardson, not Fielding; and it should not be forgotten that Richardson has appealed far more successfully than Fielding to the sympathy of the civilised world as a whole. Fielding's imagination worked freely only in dealing with large, simple, and obvious relations, and in presenting characters who resembled closely the ordinary men and women of England in the eighteenth century. But when his theme is congenial to him, with what inexhaustible power he handles it! His characters live, and we are made to feel constantly that their destiny is determined not merely by accident but by their own inherent tendencies. He is a master of pathos when he pleases; but it is his humour—abundant and healthy, although sometimes almost boyish in its wild freaks—that gives an eternal freshness to his really great creations. A writer who has enriched our literature with so many original and enduring figures surely deserves all the honour that can be done to his memory; and it may be hoped that the example set in Taunton will by-and-by be followed in London.

DISSEMINATION OF SMALL-POX.—It is worthy of note that the borough which returns Mr. Peter Taylor, the Apostle of the Anti-Vaccinationists, to Parliament is now suffering from an outbreak of small-pox entirely due to human stupidity. A Leicester lass, being probably convinced that all which the doctors said about the contagiousness of small-pox was nonsense, accepted from her mother a dress worn by the latter while a nurse in the Small-Pox Hospital at Birmingham. No attempt seems to have been made to disinfect the garment, although there must have been ample means at the Hospital. The elder woman, like the younger, appears to have believed, with Mr. Peter Taylor, that medical science has gone quite astray in connection with small-pox, and the gown was accordingly given and accepted, without a word, apparently, about its dangerous character. After that, the rest of the story is very simple. Of course, the daughter soon developed the disease; of course, she imparted it to some of the other inmates of the house where she lived; of course, they passed it on; and, of course, after all this

mischief was done the authorities woke up, and adopted vigorous measures to shut the stable-door after the steed was stolen. We do not read, however, that the donor of the fatal dress was prosecuted, and as she most certainly deserved severe punishment we are forced to the conclusion that her offence was beyond the reach of the law. This case does not stand alone, to illustrate the recklessness of the working-classes in such matters. At a recent special meeting of the Belper Rural Sanitary Authority, report was made of a bad outbreak of small-pox at two villages in the district. On inquiry being instituted, it was ascertained that a young woman afflicted with the disease was habitually visited by sympathetic neighbours. They would drop in and sit by her bedside, all out of kindly feeling for the stricken girl, and in due time they themselves were laid up, and were the recipients of similar kindness. One and all refused to go to the hospital, and the medical authorities consequently had no power to put a stop to these perilous visitations. The result is that the two villages are now suffering terribly from the scourge, and we make little doubt that many of their inhabitants are ready to denounce the Vaccination Laws as utterly worthless. It is surely high time for the Legislature to consider whether some severe penalty should not attach to such wilful dissemination of deadly diseases as happened in these cases. A few "striking examples" would do more good than all the preaching in the world to make reckless people remember the duty they owe to their neighbours.

SHAKESPEARE'S REMAINS.—Shakespeare's bones are not to be disturbed, and Dr. Ingleby's suggestion will simply have served to show what queer freaks can be played in the name of Science. We are all, perhaps, too much science-struck in these times, and our superstitions offer encouragement to false prophets. The idea of disinterring a skull in order to see whether it matched the head of a bust was ingenious; but still finer was the assurance that a sight of the skull would enable us to tell what Shakespeare's face was like. It is pleasant to reflect that we have probably been spared a good deal of dry reading about bones. If Shakespeare had been disentombed, we must have resigned ourselves to other exhumations. Dr. Ingleby's success would have brought up new "men of science" anxious to ascertain by coffin evidence what was the shape of Queen Elizabeth's nose, and how many chins Dr. Johnson had. Osteology might have taken fresh developments after that, and have helped us to determine, by the help of a mutton-chop bone, the age, name, and political opinions of the person who sold the sheep. For the present, Dr. Ingleby must consider himself an ill-used man. The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon has adopted a course which commands itself more completely to our sympathies. Personally, he observes, he is strongly opposed to the digging up of Shakespeare's bones, but he told Dr. Ingleby that he would not resist the demand if the public really showed a unanimous desire for it. Meanwhile, he boldly says that Shakspearian enthusiasts had much better spend their spare cash in helping him (Mr. Arbuthnot) to repair and beautify the parish church.

NOTICE.—With this Number is Issued, as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a PORTRAIT of PROFESSOR OWEN, Drawn from Life.



Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President—His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD. Open daily, from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., except Wednesday, when doors are open from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m., until further notice. BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles. The Full Band of the GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, will Perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best composers Daily from 3.30 p.m. till 9.45 p.m. Admission One Shilling on every week day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Season Tickets One Guinea.

EVENING FETES.

On EVERY WEDNESDAY in AUGUST the Exhibition will be open until 11 p.m. The Band will play till 10.45. Special FETES will be held, and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated by Chinese Lanterns, Coloured Fires, &c., under the management of Mr. James Pain, as on the occasion of the Royal Fete on the 18th July.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW ENTERTAINMENT. HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY FROM EVERY PERFORMANCE. The New and Beautiful Songs, and the New Comic Sketches of THE CHARLOTTE BLUES, SINGING IN THE SALVATION ARMY, and THE RAIN OF TERROR, with its startling atmospheric effects, appended to the echo. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY AT THREE AND EIGHT. Omnibuses run from the Fisheries Exhibition direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Every Evening at Seven, SENTENCED TO DEATH. Mr. George Conquest; Misses Grey, Everleigh, Lewis, Howe; Messrs. Howe, Slater, Reynolds, Steadman, Newbound, Florence, Bigwood, Drayton, Lewis, Forsyth, INCIDENTALS. T. W. Parrett, Madame Neno, Harriett Laurie. Concluding (Wednesday and Saturday excepted) JANE SHORE. Saturday, THE TOWER OF NESLE.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. N.Y.C. STONE.—On MONDAY, Sept. 10, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON'S COMPANY in RIP VAN WINKLE.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN. Upwards of ONE HUNDRED Subjects from the Bible in Terra Cotta and Doulton Ware, including "THE RELEASE OF BARABBAS," "PREPARING FOR THE CRUCIFIXION," "CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM," and "GOING TO CALVARY." TINWORTH EXHIBITION ART GALLERIES, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

Open from 10 till 6. Admission is . Will CLOSE on SATURDAY, September 8.

SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND. NOW ON VIEW. "HIS ONLY FRIEND," Painted by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. Engraved by LOUIS STEELE "THE NIGHT WATCH," "J. E. MILLAIS" "S. COUSINS" "VIOLA," "SIR F. LEIGHTON" "G. H. EVERY

Prints of the Above, 2s. each; NIGHTWATCH, 4s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

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BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY (Excepting August 7th, 8th, and 9th).—A CHEAP First Class Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 2s. 6d.; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Express Train or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 1s., available by these trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion).

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Weekday, as under:

VICTORIA STATION.	LONDON BRIDGE STATION.	PARIS.
Sept. 8	Dep. 9.20 a.m. . . .	Arr. 8.28 p.m.
" 10	" 10.35	" 9.40 "
" 11	" 11.50	" 11.45 "
" 12	" 1.15 p.m. . . .	" 12.35 a.m.
" 13	" 8.30 a.m. . . .	" 9.40 p.m.
	" 9.10	" 10.35 "

NIGHT TIDAL SERVICE—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday. FARES—London to Paris and Back—1st Class, 2nd Class. Available for Return within One Month. Third Class Return Ticket by the Night Service, 3s. The "Normandy" and "Brittany" Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under four hours. A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BADEN-BADEN

BADEN-BADEN this summer has certainly enjoyed one of her gayest seasons for many a year. The festivities commemorating the Jubilee of the International Club, which conclude to-day (Saturday), have kept the town in a whirl of amusement for nearly a month, and the whole round of fêtes have gone off with the utmost success. Amongst the crowds of visitors no one showed more interest in the proceedings than the Prince of Wales, who appeared at nearly every entertainment during his fortnight's stay. Indeed, the Prince's visit so highly delighted the Germans that general disappointment was felt in Baden at his horse, The Scot, being defeated in the Grand Steeplechase, even though the winner carried the Teutonic colours, and is reckoned one of the best steeplechasers in Germany. Altogether English competitors fared ill on the Turf, for the Duke of Hamilton's horse failed to win the Jubilee Prize. However, the Prince has become a permanent patron of the Baden meeting, with the right to name one French and two English stewards.

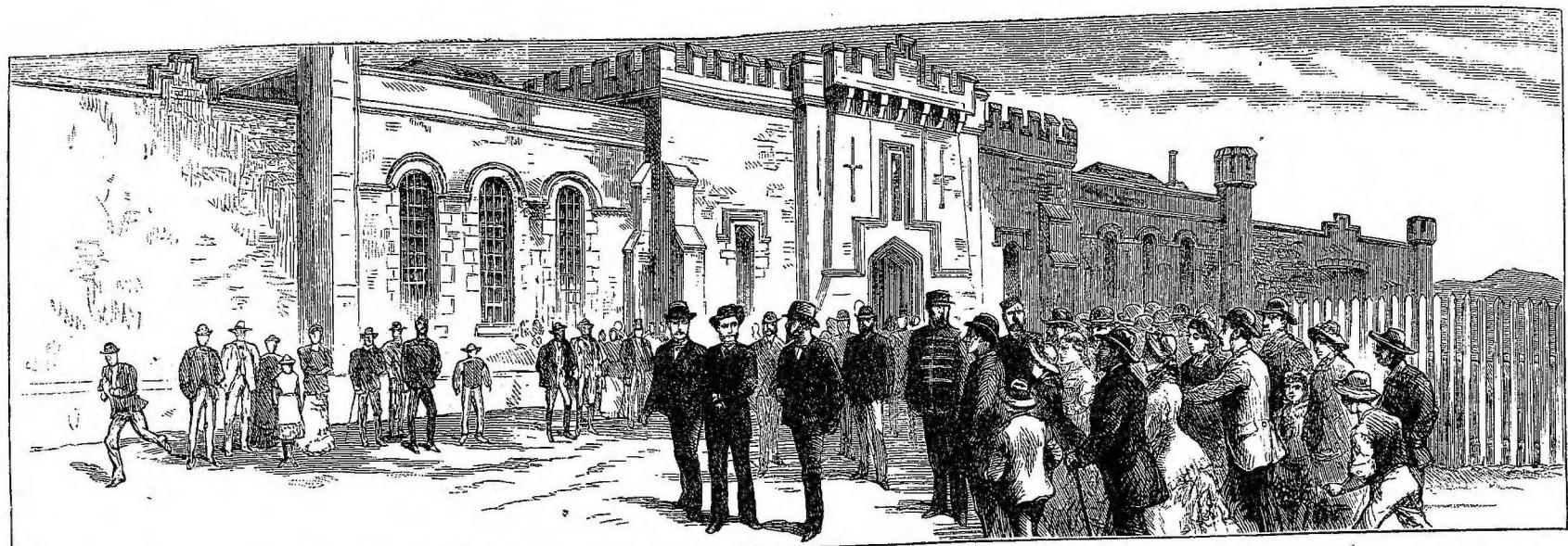
While the racing was, of course, the chief attraction, other kinds of sport were not forgotten, for, besides the clay pigeon-shooting, the Lawn Tennis Club gave a popular fête, where the Prince of Wales played with Mrs. Harrison, Lord Charles Beresford, and Mr. Wilson. Scarcely a night passed without a dance of some kind at the Conversationshaus; but the fancy ball organised by the Baden Club on the 28th ult. was one of the most spirited and original entertainments. All the guests were asked to adopt either servants' or peasants' costumes, so the Prince of Wales, Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, and other friends appeared as cooks, and created much amusement in the ball-room when the party of five-and-twenty white-clad marmots entered to the strains of "God Save the Queen." The Prince of Wales at once opened the ball by a quadrille, and danced indefatigably all the evening, while most of the dancers kept up their rustic characters right merrily. Many of the costumes were highly picturesque, particularly those of two Swedish villagers in bridal attire, and of a Hungarian peasant-couple, who danced the national Czardas with great zest. From an artistic point of view, however, the night fête in mediæval style at the old Castle was the most picturesque scene of all the festivities. The ancient walls were brightly illuminated, and a banquet was spread among the ruins for the Prince of Wales and other guests, who drove to the Castle along a torch-lit road lined with guards in fifteenth-century garb. After dinner came a theatrical representation and character dance in the ruined banqueting-hall, and finally the whole party paraded the Baden streets in procession, draped in white, and carrying torches.

CAREY'S ASSASSIN AT PORT ELIZABETH

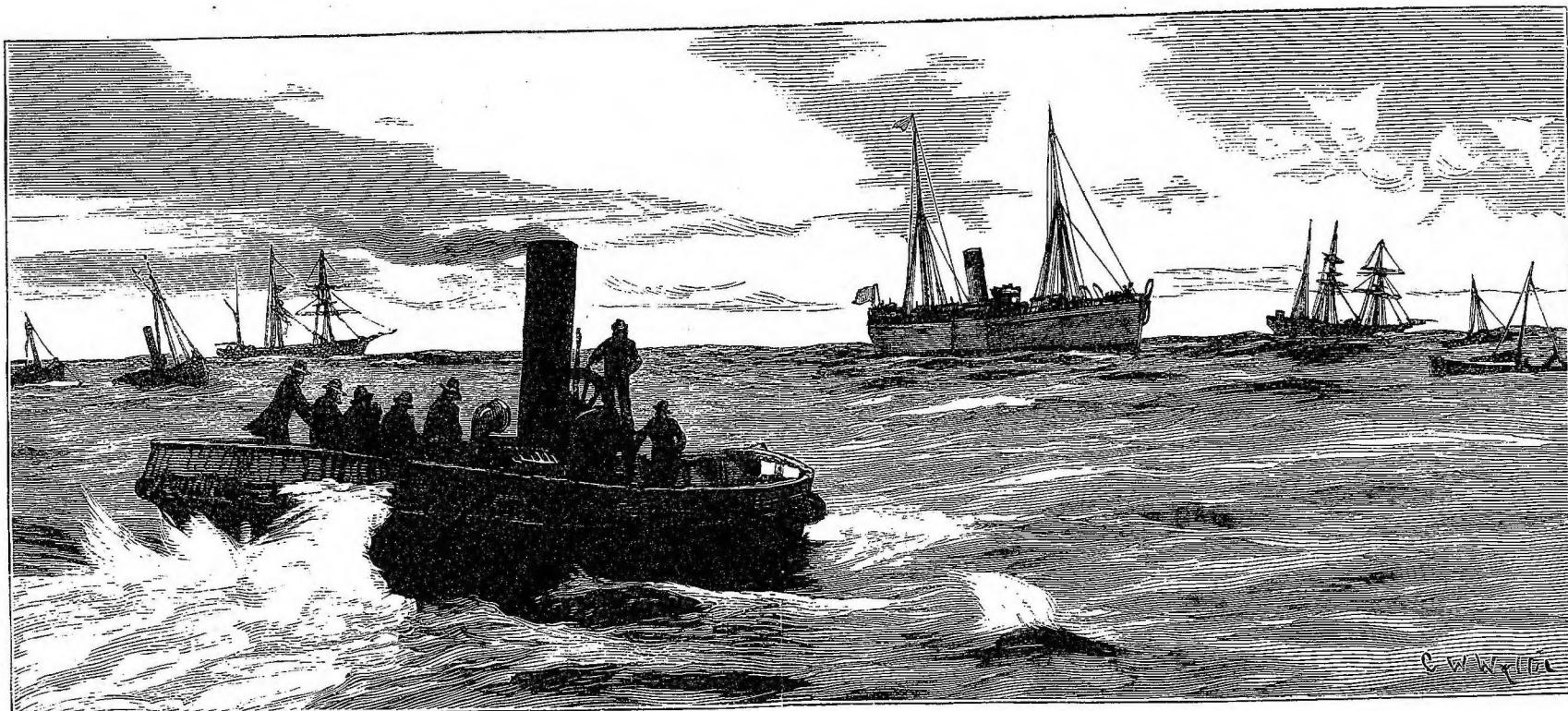
As soon as Captain Rose, of the Royal Mail steamer *Melrose*, heard that Carey, otherwise Power, had been shot, he at once gave orders that O'Donnell should be put in irons and secured. This was immediately done, his revolver being taken from him, and every precaution for his safe custody was taken until the arrival of the vessel in Algoa Bay.

On reaching port, Captain Rose at once went ashore in order to obtain the assistance of the police, and to get a stretcher for the purpose of bringing away Carey's body. Shortly afterwards a boat with the stretcher and the police went off to the *Melrose*, and O'Donnell was brought ashore handcuffed to the rails of the launch, with a policeman on either side. He was cheered by some roughs on the jetty as he landed. He was taken to the Court House, but, as the magistrate who was in attendance there decided to postpone the taking of evidence until the next day, the prisoner was removed to the North-end Gaol.

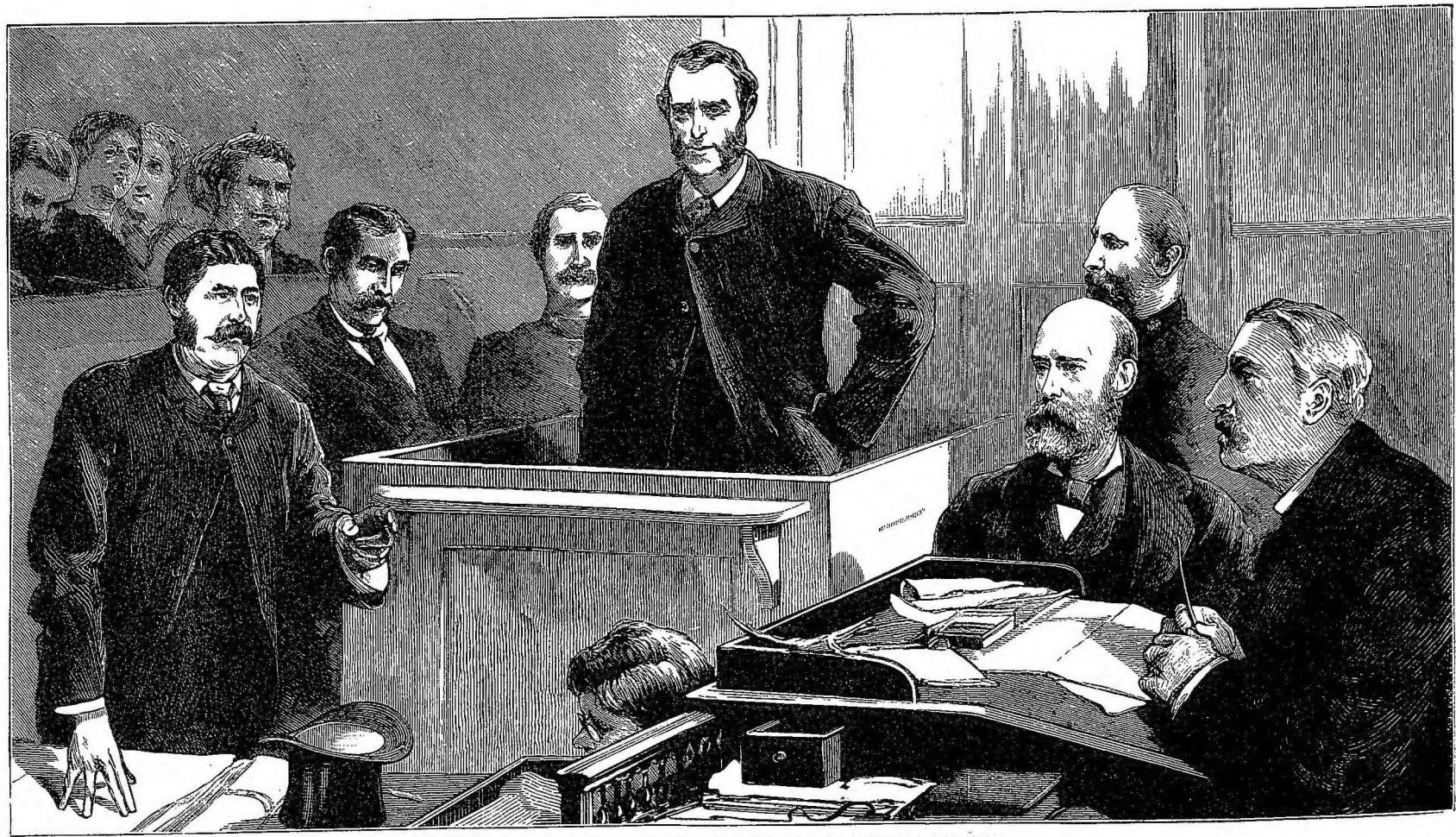
Sufficient time has not yet elapsed for complete details of the examination at the Court House to reach this country by mail, but the final result has been telegraphed to the effect that O'Donnell was to be sent home to take his trial for the murder of Carey.—Our engravings of the steam launch, and of O'Donnell leaving the prison, are from photographs by R. Harris, Donkin Street, Port Elizabeth; the examination is from a drawing by G. W. Smart, of the same street.



O'DONNELL LEAVING THE PRISON FOR THE COURT-HOUSE

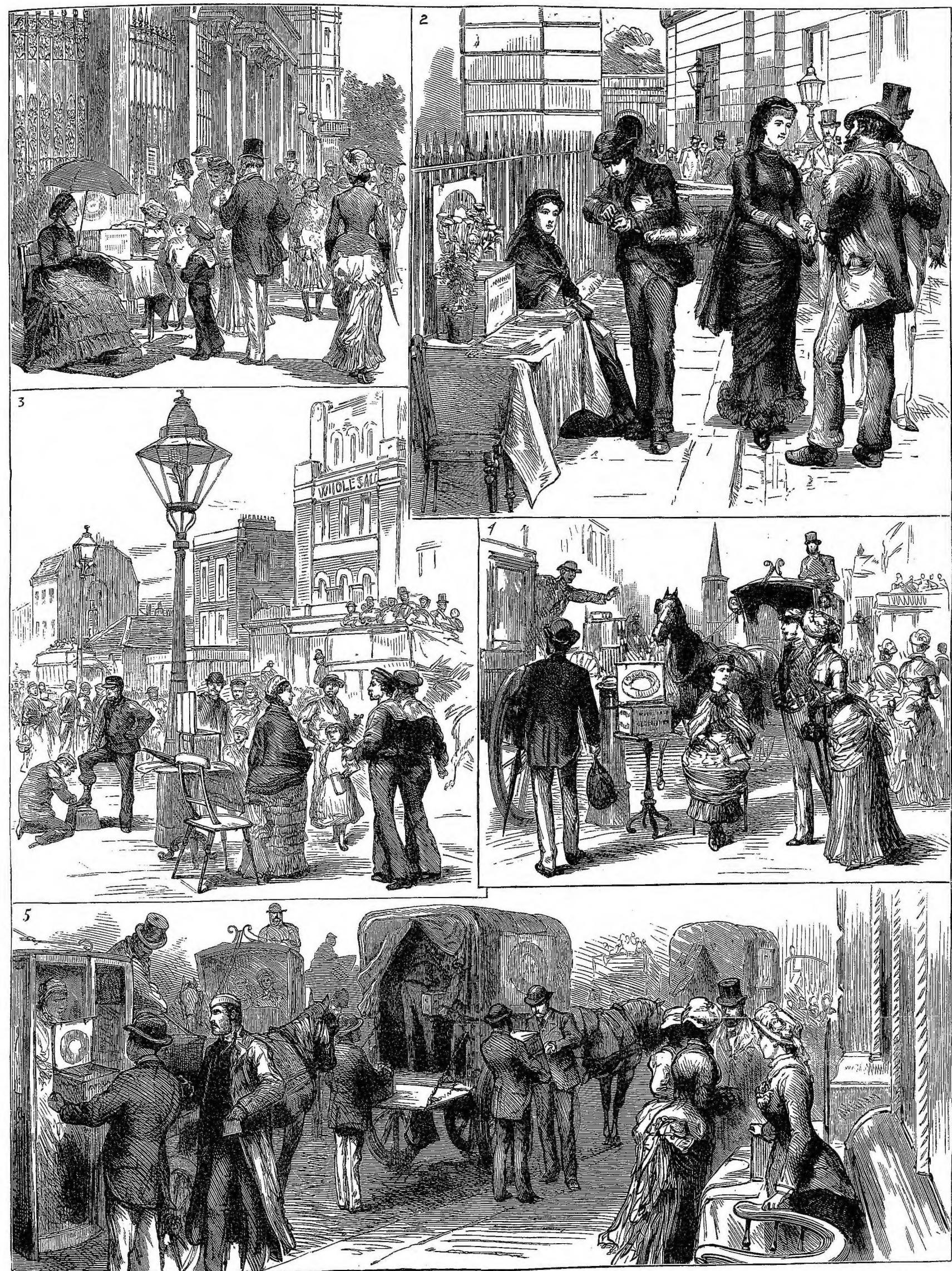


THE POLICE GOING OFF IN A LAUNCH TO THE "MELROSE" TO ARREST O'DONNELL



INSIDE THE COURT-HOUSE, PORT ELIZABETH—THE EXAMINATION

THE ASSASSINATION OF CAREY—ARREST OF O'DONNELL AT PORT ELIZABETH



1. Lady Constance Howard at Apsley House.—2. Mrs. Grylls at Clarence House.—3. At the East End : Corner of Commercial Road and White Horse Street.—4. Corner of Oxford Street and Regent Street.—5. Cheapside : the End of the Day—Collectors Bringing in their Boxes.

HOSPITAL SATURDAY

SATURDAY last, September 1st, being the day appointed for the tenth annual collection in connection with the Hospital Saturday Fund, some 1,200 lady-volunteers took up their stations at an early hour in various parts of the metropolis. In the City alone there were nearly ninety lady collectors; and others were posted in the markets and at the railway stations. Boxes were placed in all the theatres and other places of amusement on Saturday evening, as well as inside and outside the Fisheries' Exhibition. There was an instrumental concert in Victoria Park and also in Southwark Park. Collections were made on board the river steamers, and a quantity of collecting sheets and boxes were forwarded to workshops and factories. At the close of the day the boxes were taken to the Offices of the Institution, 41, Fleet Street, E.C.

Of all the lady collectors whom we saw our artist seems to have been chiefly attracted by Mrs. Grylls, who, he says, was charmingly dressed in mourning, and asked every passer-by in so fascinating a fashion that it was impossible to refuse her. He did not see many gifts being made in Whitechapel, but as he did not get there till 5.30 P.M., perhaps the charitable instincts of the East Enders had already been fully exercised. He was pleased with the self-possession of a young lady of fourteen, at Oxford Street, who was placed so close to the kerb as to be in danger of passing vehicles, but nevertheless bravely distributed her appeals to the wayfarers. The scene in Cheapside represents the transfer of the collecting boxes to some Great Western Railway vans, which conveyed them to the head office in Fleet Street. The final result of the collections will not be made known for some days, but it is conjectured that the street gatherings will utilise 3,000/., and those of the workshops 7,000/., a great increase on former years.

THE NEW REPTILE HOUSE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

OF all the specimens of the world's fauna which are held in captivity within the enclosure of the Regent's Park, the reptiles are perhaps those which the casual visitor has hitherto seen to the least advantage. To some extent this difficulty is insurmountable. Snakes and their congeners are stealthy creatures, which feel most at home when concealed in holes or under thick foliage, and so, when dragged into the garish light of day, they are apt to revenge themselves on the expectant sight-seer by lying torpid and motionless.

The new Reptile House, which has recently been completed, at all events possesses the advantage of showing these shy creatures under more natural conditions than heretofore. One learns more of the genuine life of the arboreal snakes when they are seen coiled on the forks of their trees; and the crocodiles, albeit but small specimens of that formidable tribe of saurians, are more worthy of inspection in a tank than on a dusty floor. By the way, the crocodile in captivity cannot be such a very unamiable monster, for the other day, in the Gardens at Antwerp, we saw a number of North Sea seals, a crocodile, and some kind of fish-eating bird, all living amicably together in an open-air tank.

The transfer of the reptiles to their new apartments was effected without difficulty, the large serpents being put into waterproof bags, and thus transferred from the old cages. The north side of the house is occupied by the pythons, the venomous snakes are at the west, and the harmless snakes at the east end of the building. In the centre are the crocodiles, in a large oval tank, which is flanked on each side by smaller ponds for water tortoises.—Our artist has been assisted in his drawing by a photograph taken by F. Briggs and Son, 40, High Street, St. John's Wood, N.W.

"THE RAILWAY DOG 'HELP'"

THE idea of securing the services of a dog to act as a collector for the orphans of railway men who may be killed in the discharge of their duties originated with Mr. John Climpson, the guard of the "night-boats" train on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway; and, a little over two years ago, he generously offered the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants to provide and train a Scotch collie dog for the purpose of obtaining aid for the Orphan Fund in connection with that Society. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Climpson procured a puppy to train for the work. Unfortunately, it died before it had been properly broken, as did also a second dog of the same litter. Some kind friends who had heard of Mr. Climpson's project sympathised with him upon the loss he had sustained; and eventually, through the good offices of Dr. Macleod, the editor of *Good Words*, obtained "Help," also a collie, as a gift from his owner, Mr. W. Riddell, of Dawyck, Stobo.

For a year and a half past "Help" has been busily engaged in his philanthropic mission, during which period he has visited a large number of the principal towns in England and Wales, and has twice crossed the Channel on a visit to France. He has been trained to no antics, but is merely a living advertisement by wearing a handsome collar and medal of the Railway Servants' Orphan Fund, for which he secures a considerable amount of pecuniary aid. He is of a very docile disposition, and will take up his abode with any railway man who is willing to take care of him, and is especially fond of children, joining them in their play with evident delight. Contributions from those disposed to aid the fund are received by the railway man who has charge of him for the time being, by whom it is duly recorded in a book for that purpose, or deposited in a box carried by the person in charge. At present he is on a visit to Scarborough, where he may be seen occasionally with his custodian taking a ramble on the sands, or more frequently at the Railway Station, being patted and caressed by many of the visitors to this fashionable seaside resort.

The inscription on the medal attached to "Help's" collar is as follows:—"I am 'Help,' the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is at 306, City Road, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged."

So numerous are the applications from railway men for "Help's" services, that his visits have been arranged for several months to come by Mr. Harford, the general secretary of the Society.

Our engraving is partially taken from a photograph by James Monte, 56, High Street, Camden Town.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN JAVA.

The eruption from the Island of Krakatoa, which took place on Sunday, May 20th, and which we illustrated on August 11th, was succeeded on August 25th by a disturbance of a far more formidable and fatal character. On that day deep rumblings were heard at Batavia. Little alarm was felt at first, but within a few hours showers of stones began to fall, and all through the night showers of red hot stones and ashes fell. By morning all communications with Anjer, on the Strait of Sunda, were destroyed, bridges being wrecked, and roads rendered impassible. The waters of the Strait boiled and hissed violently, and great waves were dashed on the shores of Java. By noon of that day the rumblings became more and more distinct, Maha Meru, the largest of the volcanoes, began to belch forth flames, and soon after more than a third of the forty-five craters of Java were either in active eruption or seriously threatening it. From the crater of Gunny Guntur showers of cinders and enormous fragments of rock were shot forth and scattered in all directions, carrying with them death and destruction. At one time fifteen huge waterspouts were seen, and houses with their inmates were buried beneath great waves of rock and mud.

Towards evening the shocks and eruptions increased in violence, enormous waves dashed on the shore, and an immense luminous

cloud formed over the Kandang range of mountains. At 2 A.M. on Monday this great cloud suddenly broke into small sections and vanished. When daylight came it was seen that an immense tract of land, covering about fifty square miles, had disappeared. Other equally remarkable changes took place. The volcano of Papan-dayang was suddenly split into seven peaks, and sixteen new volcanic mountains rose out of the sea in the Straits of Sunda.

Anjer was totally destroyed, including its eight hundred European and American inhabitants. The town was first overwhelmed by rocks, mud, and lava from the crater, and then the water came up and swallowed the ruins.

The navigation of the Straits of Sunda, one of the main gateways of maritime trade in those seas, has been rendered very perilous. Krakatoa, an island whose summit rose to a height of 2,623 feet above sea level, has disappeared below the waters, while, on the other hand, sixteen new volcanic craters have arisen in the Straits. This tremendous downfall and upheaval produced the volcanic wave which destroyed an incalculable amount of property, and the lives, it is surmised, of 100,000 persons. Of all the terrible volcanic eruptions by which Java has been visited since Europeans first visited it, this has been the most terrible.—Our engravings are from sketches by C. H. Rosher, 23, Fulham Park Gardens, S.W.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "NEPTUNE"

THIS vessel and its gallant commander have been on "on show" at the Fisheries Exhibition, and a full account of their adventures will be found in an interesting little pamphlet published by Messrs. Alexander and Sheppard, 27, Chancery Lane, E.C. Here we must content ourselves with a very brief summary. Captain William Johnson is a native of Farsund, in Norway, where he was born in 1837. He has led a roving life, and, while gold digging in California, conceived the idea of crossing from Norway to America in a small boat. On returning home he resolved to carry out his scheme. His boat was clinker-built, of about 1½ tons burden, and built on the model of the usual Norwegian fishing boat. She is 24 ft. in length over all, 5 ft. 2 in. broad, and about 2 ft. deep. She was provided with a false keel, to make her "stiff" under canvas, and decked fore and aft, with only two small hatches. Her rig was peculiar, as she had a square sail and jib on her main mast, and a small triangular mizen. She was also provided with a sea anchor, a triangular piece of board weighted with lead on one side to make it float upright. This kept her steady in rough weather. After leaving Thordjem on June 1st, Captain Johnson changed his mind, and determined to go to England instead of America. He declares that the perils of the North Sea are quite as great as those of the Atlantic. For the account of his voyage, and of the adventures which he met, we must refer our readers to the pamphlet. Suffice here to say that he reached London Bridge on July 2nd, thirty-one days after leaving Thordjem.—This engraving is also from a sketch by Mr. Rosher.

LOCH-NA-GARR

ON Monday, August 6th, the Rev. S. G. Kelly, Minister of Lindsay Street Congregational Church, Dundee, left for Braemar, and on the following Thursday started for Ballater on his return journey, intending to climb Loch-na-garr on the way, and then proceed by Glenmuick. He was seen near the top of the mountain during the day, and then all trace of him was lost till the Saturday night, when his body was found on a steep slope above Loch Callater. He is supposed to have fallen on the way, and to have died from exposure and exhaustion. He was thirty-five years of age, and leaves a wife and four children.

Next day, Sunday, August 25th, a young carpenter from Balmoral went up Loch-na-Garr with some friends. A little distance from the top he stopped on the edge of the precipice to light his pipe. He dropped his knife, and, in trying to regain it, lost his footing, fell 400 ft., and was killed.

Our engraving (from a sketch by Mr. Frederick Tucker) is of the highest point of Loch-na-Garr, 3,774 ft. above the sea, and shows the precipices and loch near which these two fatal casualties occurred.

PROFESSOR OWEN'S COTTAGE AND GARDEN

THIS stands in a delightfully picturesque neighbourhood, being on the left-hand side of Sheen Gate as one enters Richmond Park from that side. The cottage was presented to Professor Owen by the late Prince Consort as a gift during his (the Professor's) lifetime.

GORITZ, BURIAL-PLACE OF THE LATE COMTE DE CHAMBORD

GORIZIA (in German Görz and Göritz) is one of the picturesque but out-of-the-way towns on the route between Trieste and Venice, from the first of which it is three hours and from the latter five hours by rail. It was sagely selected by Charles X. as a convenient place of exile; for, though far within the Austrian frontier of his time, it was the nearest strong place east of what might be claimed as the Italian frontier—a claim which has since been made good, without interfering with the ownership of the Château of Göritz. It is part of the soil claimed, however, by the Italian Irredentisti.

Gorizia has thus come to be the burial-place of the dispossessed French Bourbons, as Trieste* has of the dispossessed Spanish Bourbons. The following are copied from the tombstones in the Capuchin Church:—(1) "Charles X. died here, November, 1836, aged seventy-nine." (2) Louis, his eldest son, Duc d'Angoulême, born at Versailles, 1775, died at Gorizia, 1844. (3) Marie Thérèse de France (his wife), daughter of Louis XVI. (4) Marie Louise de France, Duchesse Régente de Parme et de Plaisance, née à Paris, 1819, morte a Venise, 1864." To these will now be added the remains of the Comte de Chambord, who at one time made the Château his habitual, and to the last an occasional, residence.

Gorizia is endeared to the tourist by—besides the beauty of the site—the celebrated perfection of its peaches and the confection of the fresh crystallised fruits, a delicacy peculiar to the whole Veneto, but nowhere so crisp and luscious as here, its chief source of production.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Miss R. H. Busk.

THE "TAYMOUTH CASTLE" LEAVING TAMATAVE

THE passengers on board the *Taymouth Castle* (we draw our particulars from the interesting letter of an English missionary which appeared in the *Times*) were rendered uneasy on entering Tamatave Harbour on June 26th by the sight of a French tricolour flag at the battery, instead of the national white banner of Madagascar. Presently a steam launch from the *Dryad* came alongside, and the lieutenant in charge told them the news, how the place was in a state of siege, and under martial law, and how Mr. Shaw was a prisoner on board a French war vessel under a charge of harbouring Hova spies. This last was sad news for Mrs. Shaw, who was a passenger on board the *Taymouth Castle*, as she had been anticipating the return to her pretty home, which Mr. Shaw had enlarged for her.

The *Dryad* and the *Dragon*, the two English men-of-war, were at this time anchored at the far end of the harbour, a mile and a half away from the *Taymouth Castle*. There were also five trading vessels, one of which was an American barque, and four French war vessels, the *Flore*, an old wooden frigate, two corvettes, the *Nivelle* and the *Forfait*, and a gunboat.

* Trieste Cathedral contains the monuments of (1) Don Carlos (V.), died 1855; (2) Don Carlos (VI.) (C. de Montemolin), who died 1851 January, 1861; (3) his wife, who died the same day; and (4) Don Ferdinand, another son of Don Carlos V., who died a fortnight later. They lived at Villa Necia.

On June 28th, Mrs. Shaw having meanwhile been refused permission to see her husband, in spite of her urgent entreaties, the *Taymouth Castle* put to sea. Says the missionary:—"We left our anchorage soon after one o'clock, and then came a little bit of excitement. On shore this morning our captain was ordered to have no communication with the *Dryad* after he was ready for sea. On the other hand, Captain Johnstone sent him word that he was on no consideration to leave without taking his mail and despatches. Just before leaving a boat came off from the *Dryad* with a mail-bag, and we shouted to them the French orders. The boat pushed off, telling us to steam past them. So we weighed anchor, and slowly steamed past the *Nivelle* and the *Flore*, saluting the latter by dipping our ensign, and they sent off a boat with their mail-bag."—Our engraving is from a sketch forwarded to us by Mr. C. J. Loveless, Vanbrugh Fields, Blackheath, S.E.

OUR ARTIST IN WALES. IV.—THE ASCENT OF SNOWDON (II.)

IN spite of their extraordinary exertions Brown, Jones, and Robinson continue the ascent.

Near the top they are confronted by a strange beast, which watches their approach from a commanding position.

This beast was the dog of the caretaker of the top of Snowdon.

It might have been a bear! (1).

The summit is won. But on the summit is piled another peak, in shape like the cone of Vesuvius. This, too, they climb, and as they climb it, they are enveloped in the fumes of an adjacent volcano (2).

The volcano was La Cheminée (chimney—*vide* 3), and one would have thought that in its deadly gases they would drop off like aphides in tobacco smoke. But the grip of Brown, Jones, and Robinson was invincible, and not to be loosened.

They had indeed earned the right to refreshment; and when they had stored away piles of bread, cheese, and beer they proceeded to the crowning act of their heroic exploit, viz., the addition of their own names:

BROWN
JONES
ROBINSON

to those already carved on the planks of the shanty (4).

In the shanty they determined to pass the night so as to see the sun rise next morning.

They chose the cosy corner near the stove, but a continual dripping on a very rainy night rendered their slumbers less balmy than they might have been (5).

They needed no waking. No rosy-fingered herald of the morn points to the sun's rising. Rain and mist veil the horizon. But they know the time he should rise, and they view the points of the compass watch in hand, and peer into the fog. But they could not see the sun. They declared that if he had risen they must have seen him, but they forgot that the points of the compass are four, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson only three (6).

Facilis descensus! What a contrast to the toils of the ascent. Fatigue, want of sleep, disappointment alike forgotten, they leap from crag to crag (7), down, down, till they find themselves lounging on the garden seat of the "Snowdon Ranger" (8), where they light their pipes and contemplate that marvel of nature, the elephant mountain.

MILITARY CEMETERY AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

ABOUT the end of last March a neat cemetery was laid out at Tel-el-Kebir, some 300 yards east of the railway station, and the bodies of all the soldiers who were killed during the campaign were collected and buried in it. Bodies were brought from Ismailia, Kassassin, Tel-el-Makhsuta, as well as from Tel-el-Kebir, and in all a hundred or more corpses were thus interred, including men from all branches of the service, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, as well as some sailors.

THE FIELDING MEMORIAL

MR. R. ARTHUR KINGLAKE, J.P., of Taunton, and brother of the historian of the Crimean War, has for many years been of opinion that our countrymen do not sufficiently cherish the memory of their local worthies. The nations of the Continent, and even our own fellow-citizens in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, are ahead of us in this respect, that they do feel a genuine pride and enthusiasm in any person of celebrity who was born or who lived in their own neighbourhood. Mr. Kinglake holds that each of our counties should have a local Walhalla of its own, and, being not merely a talker but a doer also, he has set the example by collecting into the Shire Hall of Taunton, one of the finest buildings of the kind in the West of England, several busts of Somersetshire worthies, such as Pym, Ken, Blake, Norris, and Speke.

To these has now been added, the cost being defrayed by public subscription, the bust of Henry Fielding, the novelist, who in 1707 was born at Sharpham Hall, two miles south-west of Glastonbury. The mansion was erected by Abbot Beere, and what remains of it is now occupied as a farmhouse.

The bust is the work of Miss Margaret Thomas, who took as her guide a pen and ink sketch by Hogarth, which is to be found as the frontispiece of the novelist's earlier works.

One of our engravings represents Fielding's tomb at Lisbon, where he died in 1754, having taken a voyage with the forlorn hope of recovering his broken health under the balmy skies of the South.

The following is a copy of the inscription:—

HENRICI FIELDING
A SOMERSETENSIBUS APUD GLASTONIUM ORIUNDI,
VIRI SUMMO INGENIO,
STYLO QUO NON ALIUS UNQUAM,
VIRTUTI DECOREM, VITIO FEDERATIM ASSERUIT, SUUM CUICUE TRIBUENS.
NON QVIN IPSE SUBINDE IRRETIRENTUR EVITANDIS.
ARDENS IN AMICITIA, IN MISERIA SUBLLEVENDA EFFUSUS.
HILARIS, URBANUS, ET CONJUX, ET PATER ADAMATUS,
ALIUS, NON SIBI VIXIT.
VIXIT: SED MORTEN VICTRICE VINCIT, DUM NATURA DURAT, DUM SÆCULA CURRANT.
NATURE PROLEM SCRITIS PRE SE FERENS,
SUAM ET SUÆ GENTIS EXTENDET FAMAM.

The ceremony of unveiling the bust took place at Taunton on Tuesday, the 4th inst., the task being undertaken by the United States' Ambassador, the Hon. J. Russell Lowell. The town was decorated with flags, and there was a luncheon in the vestibule of the Shire Hall, presided over by Mr. E. J. Stanley, M.P. The health of Mr. Russell was drunk, and also that of Mr. Kinglake, as founder of the Somerset Walhalla.

Then followed the unveiling ceremony, accompanied by an address from Mr. Lowell. It was no mere commonplace eulogy; it was a carefully-thought-out essay on Fielding, and, it may be said, the art of fiction in general. To try and condense it would only spoil it; moreover, we may take for granted that most of our readers have already read it in the daily papers.—Our engravings are from sketches by Major W. J. Foster.

PROFESSOR OWEN

See page 258

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Norris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 253.

A HYDROPATHIC LEGEND

These engravings are sufficiently explained by the titles which are attached to them.



THE SPLENDID WEATHER of the last three weeks was broken on Sunday by a furious gale, which raged, without intermission, for over twenty-four hours. The tempest, which reached our shores at the precise time indicated by the storm-warnings from America, expended its force chiefly on the Southern counties and on the West of Ireland, where it did enormous damage to the unripened crops. The orchards in the country and about London suffered heavily, and in some of the Kentish hop gardens the bine-laden poles, now nearly ready for the pickers, were uprooted by the wind, and the hops rendered almost worthless by bruises and discolorations. The ports and watering-places from Penzance to Dover were literally bombarded by the breaking seas. At the Chesil Bank about half-a-mile of the railway from Portland to Weymouth was washed away; and at Newhaven the London and Brighton Company's fine steamer, the *Brighton*, after two futile attempts to make the harbour, was forced to return, with her 213 passengers, to Dieppe, where all were safely landed, after twenty-one hours' buffeting with the waves. No very serious casualty, with one exception, has yet been reported among the shipping overtaken by the storm, though many coasting vessels and smaller merchantmen were dismantled or wrecked—one, a Norwegian timber-ship, off Plymouth Hoe, just as the last of her crew had been rescued by the lifeboat. On the night of Saturday the *G. B. Jones*, of Newport, on a voyage from Bull River to Falmouth, while endeavouring to make for Penzance, where the pilot found she could not clear the Lizard, was dashed against the rocks near Cudden Point, two only of the thirteen on board, an Irish seaman and a lad of thirteen, both survivors of a previous wreck, escaping by being washed ashore. The other eleven were all lost with the ship, the darkness of the night, the heavy sea, and the inaccessible wall of jagged rocks frustrating all attempts to rescue them either by lines or by the Penzance lifeboat. The *Amerique*, with the passengers and cargo of the *St. Germain*, sailed boldly in the teeth of the rising gale for the Atlantic, and has since been signalled as having passed the Lizard. The *Iris*, s.s., from Glasgow for Sligo, with a number of Irish harvest men on board, was wrecked on Sunday at the foot of Innistrathull Lighthouse, the passengers in very many cases losing all their little earnings. In Jersey the apple crop is said to have been destroyed; and some damage is reported from South Wales. In the more Northern counties the storm, which travelled rather slowly in that direction, seems to have done but little injury.

OF SPEECHES OUT OF PARLIAMENT the supply has been small, in consequence, perhaps, of slackness in the demand. Lord Carlingford, in opening a new Art Gallery at Manchester, expressed a wish that there was a more general inquiry for historical pictures like those which Mr. Madox Brown has designed for the adornment of the Manchester Town Hall; and Mr. Osborne Morgan, in a speech at an Odd Fellows' banquet, has frankly acknowledged that he is not Radical enough to desire the abolition of the House of Lords. A bolder and more practical note has been struck by independent Mr. Cowen, in a letter of excuse for declining an invitation to a Reform demonstration on Newcastle Town Moor, on the 22nd instant. He would gladly have attended had he been at home, but only as a spectator. "The unenfranchised, if they wish their desire for a vote to be effective, should speak themselves. All the country knows what a Member of Parliament is going to say, but it does not know the opinions of the actual workmen."

THE POLLING AT RUTLAND resulted, as had been expected, in the victory of the Conservative, but by an unexpectedly large majority, Mr. Davenport Hanley counting only 194 votes to Mr. J. Lowther's 860.

MR. R. P. HARDING, senior partner in the firm of Harding and Co., accountants, has been appointed for five years Official Receiver in the Court of Bankruptcy, and Mr. Hough, of the Board of Trade, Chief Clerk.—Mr. J. Smalman Smith, of the Oxford Circuit, has been chosen by Lord Derby to succeed Mr. Stubbins as Puissant Judge of the Supreme Court of the Gold Coast.—Mr. Clifford Lloyd is expected shortly in London, where he will consult the Government as to his acceptance of the post of Inspector of Reforms at Cairo offered him by the Khédive.—Lord Dalhousie, Professor Huxley, Mr. E. Majoribanks, M.P., and Messrs. Caine and Brady, Inspectors of Irish Fisheries, have been nominated Commissioners to inquire into the complaints of the line and drift fishermen as to injuries sustained by them through the use of the trawl.

injuries sustained by them through the use of the trawl.

AFTER a prolonged inquiry, Mr. John Byrne, Collector-General of Rates in Dublin, has been removed from his post by warrant of the Lord-Lieutenant. He was accused of ante-dating receipts for rent, to enable his tenants to take advantage of the Arrears' Act. The office, which is worth £1,200 a year, must be filled up at once.—Earl Spencer visits the North next week, where he will be the guest of Sir H. Bruce. On the 14th he is to open the new Electric Railway at Portrush.

The CHARGE against the brothers Connolly for conspiring to murder John Carroll and his sister was again gone into last week at Bruff. Kate Connolly, the prisoner's sister, was also placed with her brother in the dock. Some strange evidence, corroborative of the informer's statements as to the attempts to waylay him by night or to poison him with drugged champagne and whisky, was given by Carroll, and the prisoners were again remanded, without bail, for a week. The temptation offered to Dineen is said to have taken the form of a legacy of 50*l.* in a will forged by the doctor in Carroll's name.—Forty-five harvestmen and others in the employ of Mr. Leigh, of Rosegarland, near New Ross—a gentleman whom several attempts have been made to "Boycott"—were taken ill on the 27th ult., with symptoms of having been poisoned, after partaking of a heifer, shot, boiled, and salted for their use. Two have since died, and five more are not expected to survive. The heifer had had dry murrain, but this, in the opinion of the medical officer of the district, did not render the flesh unfit for consumption, and it is believed that some irritant poison was employed when the beef was cooked. The contents of the stomachs of the deceased men have been sent to Dr. Cameron for analysis.—Messrs. Davitt, Harrington, and O'Brien have been opening the extra-Parliamentary campaign with some violent speeches at Cappamore, in Limerick. The Irish Parliamentary Party was described by Mr. O'Brien as "an Irish Coercion Army over the heads of the English in their own Parliament."—The Rev. J. Nelson writes to a friend repudiating any intention of resigning his seat for Mayo.—The Parnell Tribute Fund now amounts to 23,543*l.*, including 374*l.* from "exiles" in South America.—The Lord Lieutenant has expressed, in a letter to the Admiralty, his high approval, and that of the Irish Government, of the services of the Marines lately employed on police duty in Dublin.—Mr. Field and his family left Ireland for England on Monday. A further sum of 70*l.* was subscribed for him at Belfast.—O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, will be brought up at Bow Street immediately on his arrival. The Carey family and the other principal witnesses for the prosecution sailed from Cape Town for England on the 4th.—The nine men arrested within the last few days at Glasgow, as accomplices in the recent dynamite conspiracy have been remitted by the Stipendiary to the Sheriff and

removed by him, for better security, to the North Prison. All belong to the poorer class of Irish labourers, though some have latterly had considerable sums to their credit in the banks. Fresh excitement has been caused by the arrest, as the danger of discovery was believed to have passed away.

Mr. H. CUFFE, of the Home Office, had to attend the Greenwich Police Court on Saturday to explain to the three gentlemen summoned by the Metropolitan Board of Works for holding public meetings in Southwark Park, that the Home Secretary did not exactly say that if they were sent to prison he would take care of them, and the three consented to postpone their meetings until the Board had considered Sir W. Harcourt's letter. Other meetings however, were held on Sunday, including one by the Anti-Vaccination League. The names of the speakers were taken by the police.

A FURTHER SUM OF 1,000*l.* has been forwarded from the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers at Ischia, and a new appeal to the public has now been made by the Lord Mayor in reply to a telegram from Sir E. Malet for aid to the families of the 30,000 victims to cholera in Egypt, most of whom were members of the poorer classes.

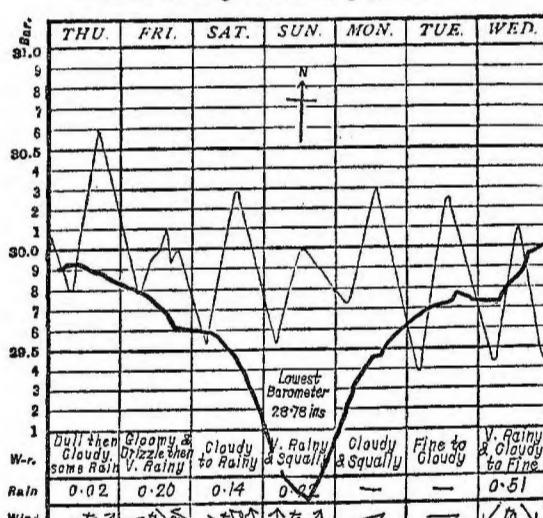
AT A MEETING OF THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD on Saturday, a long communication was read from the Local Government Board, explaining the duties which would devolve upon the former in the event of a general outbreak of cholera in London, more especially in providing such accommodation as would save a patient from the risks of removal over greater distances than a mile.—The rumoured death of an Asiatic from cholera at the East End was shown to have resulted from other causes.

THE TOWN COUNCIL of STRATFORD have declared their resolution as "Lay Rectors of the Chancel" to oppose any attempt to disinter the bones of Shakespeare.

THE AGITATION in the cotton-spinning districts is extending. At a mass meeting of Ashton weavers on Tuesday the arrangement entered into the day before between their representatives and the employers to resume work on the Blackburn list, pending the drawing up of a new list within a month, was repudiated, and it was resolved to continue on strike until the new list was submitted to them for consideration.

THE LIST OF DEATHS since our last issue includes the name of Thomas Plant, of Birmingham, the well-known meteorologist, of heart disease in a railway carriage, at the age of sixty-three; of Dr. H. I. H. Bond (at eighty-two), Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge from 1851 to 1872; of Admiral Patton (at ninety-two), a survivor of Trafalgar, where he served as a midshipman on board the *Bellerophon*; of Cromwell Fleetwood Varley, F.R.S., the well-known electrician, whose name will always be associated with the first successful attempt to lay an electric cable across the Atlantic; and last, though, we fear by no means least in point of interest to many, of Marwood, the executioner, from inflammation of the lungs, complicated by other disorders. Marwood, who lived at Horncastle, had held his office for twelve years, and amassed a considerable amount of property. He would never consent to sit for his photograph.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM AUG. 30 TO SEPT. 5 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. Mean sea-level pressure, 29.92 inches. Mean temperature, 61°. Mean relative humidity, 70%. Mean wind velocity, 10 miles per hour. Mean wind direction, N.W. U.S. Weather Bureau, Boston, Mass., and U.S. Geological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has differed materially from that of recent weeks, being cloudy, rough, wet, changeable, and colder. During the 30th and 31st ult. pressure was relatively low in the north and high in the south, with some subsidiary depressions over the south of England. Cloudy skies prevailed rather generally, and signs of a break up of the fine weather became imminent. On the morning of Saturday (1st inst.) the chart showed that a deep depression was advancing to the south-west of Ireland from the Atlantic, which, becoming very deep as it travelled eastward, culminated the next day in high winds of the force of a whole gale in the south-west, strong gales in the south-east, and moderate gales in the north-east of England, and a very general fall of rain. This disturbance moved away in a north-easterly direction, being found off Norway on the morning of Wednesday (5th inst.), an interval of fine weather attending its rear on Tuesday (4th inst.). In the course of the night of Tuesday (4th inst.) a subsidiary disturbance travelled along the south coast, and was attended by steady rain. The barometer was highest (30.00 inches) on Wednesday (5th inst.); lowest (28.78 inches) on Sunday (2nd inst.); range, 1.22 inches. Temperature was highest (72°) on Thursday (30th ult.); lowest (48°) on Tuesday (4th inst.); range, 24° . Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 1.05 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.55 inch, on Wednesday (5th inst.).

THE FIRST TRIENNIAL PARIS SALON opens next Saturday, and promises to be of the highest interest. Instead of the eye being fatigued by an immense number of works, as at the ordinary Salons, only 700 paintings will be admitted, as well as 150 engravings and 300 pieces of statuary. Moreover, there will be only two rows of pictures in each room, while the sculpture will be dotted about in the body of the Palais de l'Industrie, and thickly interspersed with flowers. Valuable Gobelins tapestry will also be arranged in the galleries. Like the annual exhibition, the collection will be open free on Sundays and Thursdays, and on other days 2 fr. will be charged before noon, and 1 fr. during the remainder of the day. Only the works of living artists will be admitted, and scarcely one famous painter will be unrepresented, several pictures being lent by the Government from the Luxembourg, now shut for its annual rearrangement. Besides M. Meissonnier's twelve contributions, portrait painting will be well illustrated by MM. Bonnat, Cabanel, and Hébert. M. Henner will send allegorical compositions, and one specially interesting work will be a tiny picture of "Gambetta's Death Chamber," by M. Cazin. Soon after the Salon opens there will be another Art display of a very different character, as an Exhibition "des Arts Incohérents" is to be held from October 15 to November 15 by private enterprise, the receipts going to the poor.



THE READING-ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM is now open every evening until 8 P.M., thanks to the electric light. All the lights have been rearranged, and their power considerably increased.

STATUES OF THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES are shortly to be placed in new Government Offices at Sydney, New South Wales, together with an allegorical figure representing the colony. These statues have been executed by Signor Fontana, of 217, King's Road, Chelsea, at whose studio they have lately been exhibited.

TEUTONIC ARTISTS are famous for their elaborate festivals, and now the Berlin painters intend on the 27th inst. to commemorate the centenary of Peter von Cornelius, the leader of the German Art revival. Cornelius founded the New School of German Art at Rome, and subsequently became Director of the Academy at Munich, where he executed some of the most important mural works of modern days, such as the decorations for the Ludwigskirche and the Pinacothek.

A BRISTOL CHANNEL OBSERVATORY will probably be shortly established near Chepstow to report on the atmospheric changes and meteorological conditions produced by the Atlantic waves when they first reach the British coast. The Observatory will be given by Mr. E. J. Lowe, who has long carried on meteorological studies near Nottingham, and is now ready to provide the site and building materials, with his collection of meteorological instruments and papers, if sufficient funds can be collected to construct and endow the station.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S SAFETY during his recent "cure" at Kissingen was watched over day and night by twenty officials. Six detectives, twelve gendarmes, and two police-inspectors took turns in perpetually guarding the Prince, whether he slept quietly in his villa on the Upper Saline, or walked abroad with his family and his famous dog "Tiras." The Prince only worked for three hours daily, and was delighted to rest on a particularly huge sofa, carefully copied from a favourite couch at Varzin as a surprise from his devoted landlord.

THE DUTCH ARCTIC EXPEDITION, which went out last summer to the mouth of the Yenisei to establish one of the international meteorological stations, has at last been found near Waigatz, and the members are on their way home, having lost their vessel, the *Varna*, in the Kara Sea during July. The expedition was ice-bound in the Kara Sea for the winter, together with the Danish meteorological observers in the *Djimphna*, under Lieutenant Hovgaard, but the Danes were fortunate enough to save their vessel, and when left, on August 1st, confidently expected to get out into open water, and thus return unaided.

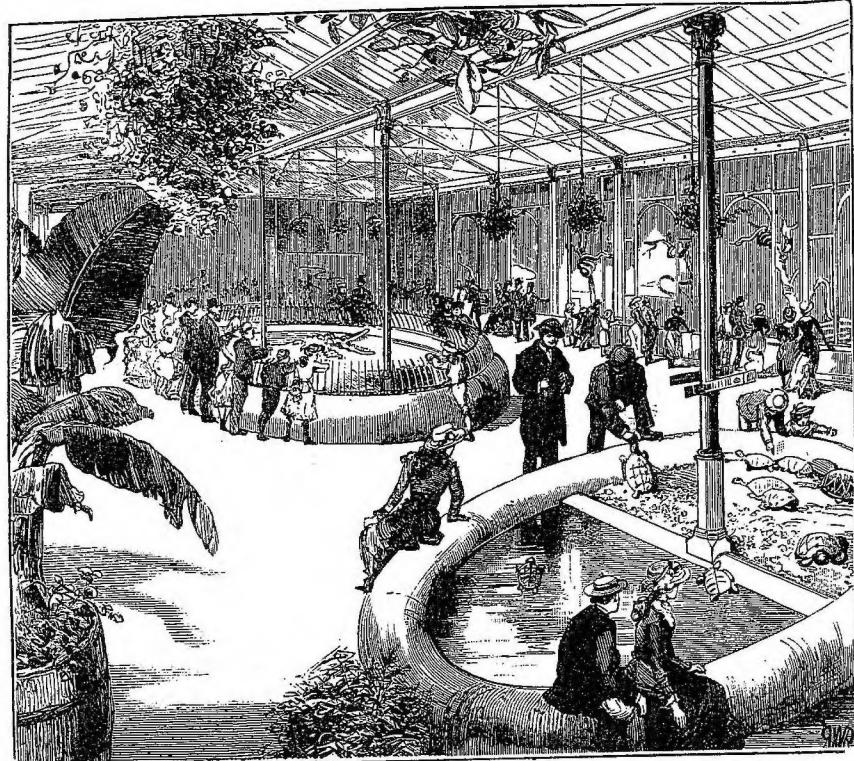
THE NEW MANCHESTER ART GALLERY has been opened, and for the future, besides the temporary Picture Exhibitions, Manchester will possess a permanent public collection of art treasures. Last year an Act was passed, enabling the Corporation to establish the Gallery by devoting £2,000*l.* from the rates annually for twenty years, and it was decided to house the collection in the Royal Institution on conditions allowing the Institution to hold loan exhibitions and provide courses of lectures as before. The proceeds of the annual picture exhibitions will go towards increasing the permanent collection, and the building has been altered to hold a greater number of works, so that the present autumn Exhibition, opened at the same time, is much larger than usual. Most of the pictures are well known in London.

THE SCHEME OF A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR BATTERSEA is being actively discussed in the parish, and the promoters of the plan shortly intend to hold meetings advocating the adoption of the Free Libraries Act. By an additional halfpenny rate sufficient funds would be forthcoming for one central and two branch libraries and reading-rooms, which would entail a preliminary outlay of 2,500*l.*, and a yearly cost of 960*l.* In the provinces the Free Libraries are widely appreciated, and at Salford, out of a population of 176,228, the four reading-rooms and libraries received 582,347 visits in one year, while 365,365 volumes were lent out to read. Meanwhile, Newark has just been presented with a Free Library by a native of the borough, who has given the land, the building, the necessary endowment, and a considerable supply of books.

THE FAMOUS VINE AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE is now covered with some 1,300 bunches of grapes, over 130 more than last year. The vine, however, has been known to produce 2,200 bunches in one year since it was first planted in 1768 as a slip from the parent plant at Valentines, Ilford, Essex. Talking of Hampton Court, considerable precautions have been taken against fire during the repairs necessitated by the late disaster at the Palace. Fireproof partitions have been constructed, and asbestos has been introduced between the floors of the private apartments and the ceilings of the State rooms beneath, while much of the old inflammable woodwork has been removed altogether. Several of the picture-galleries are being restored, and a number of fine tapestries from St. James's Palace are being arranged for public inspection in the Horn Room, adjoining the Withdrawning Room at the end of the Great Hall.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease, and the deaths last week numbered 1,292, against 1,356 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 64, and 183 below the average, while the death-rate further fell to 17·0 per 1,000. There were 74 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 11, but 111 below the average), 57 from measles (a rise of 4, and 33 above the average), 40 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 9), 27 from whooping cough, 19 from diphtheria, 21 from enteric fever (an increase of 5, and 4 above the average), 9 from simple cholera (a rise of 7), 4 from small-pox (an increase of 1, and 5 below the average), 1 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 1 from typhus. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs diminished to 148 from 160, and were 20 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 59 deaths, of which 48 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,448 births registered against 2,450 in the previous return, being 127 below the average. The mean temperature was 62·5 deg., and 2·0 deg. above the average.

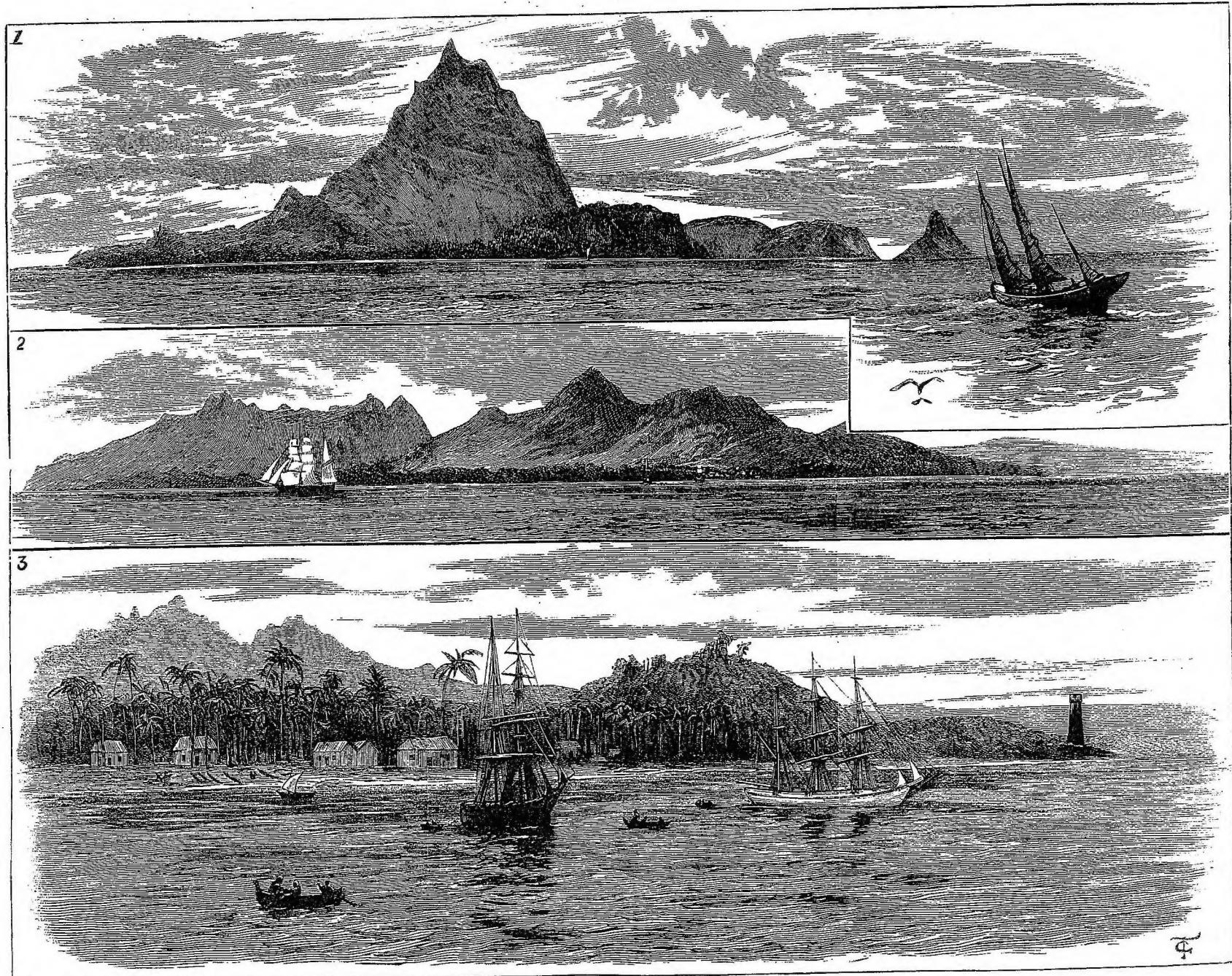
HIGHLY FANCIFUL MOURNING FOR THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD is adopted in fashionable French Royalist circles, according to the amusing correspondent "Etinelle," who records the doings of Gallic "High Life" for the Paris *Figaro*. According to custom, mourning ought to be worn for six months for Henri V., as the father of his people; so Royalist *belles* sparkle in most elaborate jet toilettes, which are highly effective in the sunshine; and wear no bright jewellery, but enamel, silver, or jet ornaments, shaped as *fleur-de-lys*. Sometimes the Bourbon lily is embroidered on the bodice, or the Royal arms in bright blue relieve the sombre tone of the black dress; while a diamond *fleur-de-lys*, fastened on a black rosette, may be worn in the hair and on the shoulder for dinner, with a bunch of white roses, which denote that the mourning is only complimentary. Indeed, the lily emblem is everywhere, even the satin bows on the dresses being twisted into this loyal shape. "Sportwomen" must also choose black, but may lighten their



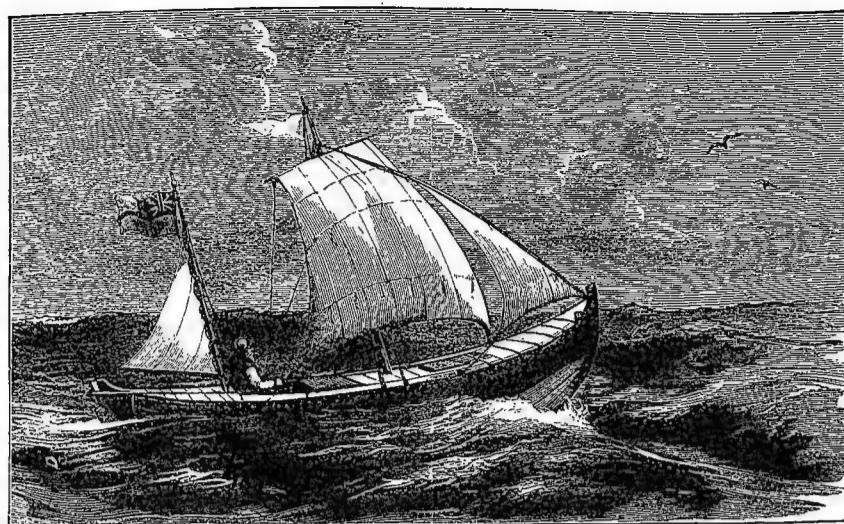
THE NEW REPTILE HOUSE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



THE RAILWAY DOG "HELP," AND HIS MASTER



1. The Island of Krakatoa, South-Eastern Side.—2. The Sunda Straits : Anjer Hill from the North-West.—3. View of Anjer, Showing the Lighthouse.
THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT JAVA — VIEWS OF KRAKATOA AND ANJER, NOW COMPLETELY DESTROYED



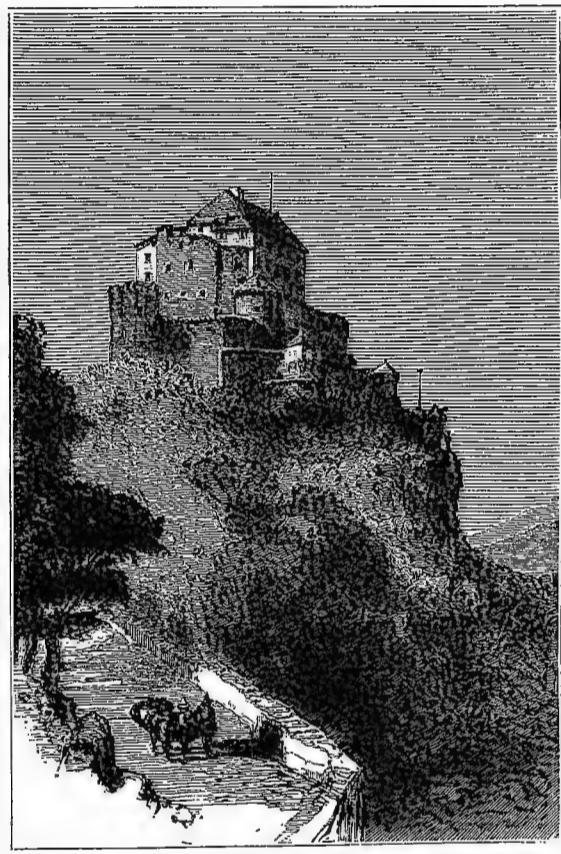
THE NORWEGIAN BOAT "NEPTUNE," IN WHICH CAPT. JOHNSON SAILED FROM THRONDHJEM TO LONDON BRIDGE



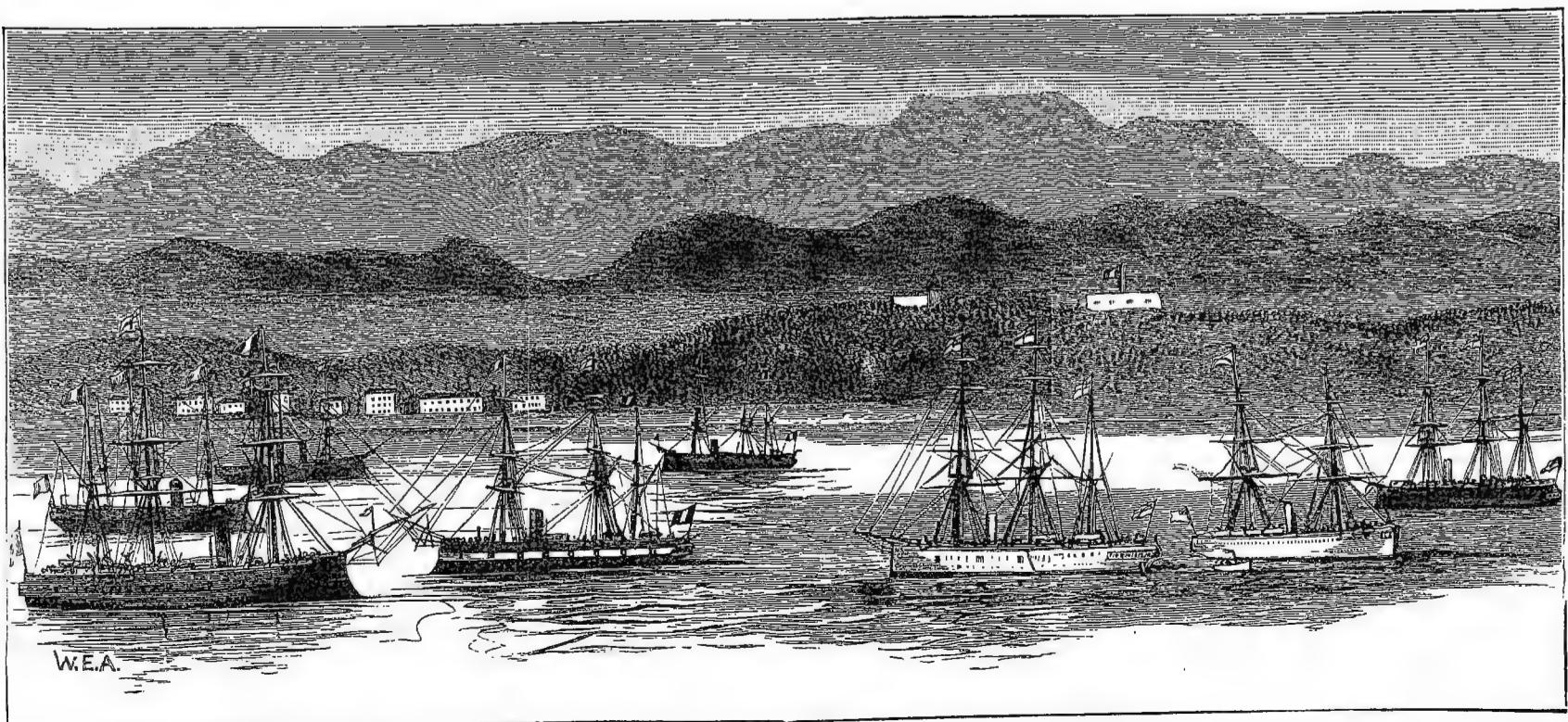
"DARK LOCH-NA-GARR," THE SCENE OF TWO RECENT MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENTS



A SKETCH IN PROFESSOR OWEN'S GARDEN AT SHEEN, NEAR RICHMOND



GÖRITZ, WHERE THE LATE COMTE DE CHAMBORD WAS BURIED



"Creuse" (French War Vessel) "Nièvre" (French War Vessel)
 "Forfait" (French War Vessel) "Flore," Admiral Pierre's Flagship, with Mr. Shaw on Board
 "Beautemps Beaupres" (French War Vessel)

MADAGASCAR — THE "TAYMOUTH CASTLE" LEAVING TAMATAVE WITH DESPATCHES FOR THE MAURITIUS. JUNE 28

H.M.S. "Dryad"

S.S. "Taymouth Castle" H.M.S. "Dragon"



AFTER a life of exile, Henri V. of FRANCE has been buried on foreign soil. Having laid in State five days, the Comte de Chambord's body was sealed up on Friday night, and a Requiem mass was held at Frohsdorf on Saturday, attended by the Orleans Princes and other relatives, and the Austrian Emperor's brother, representing His Majesty. Thence the body was transferred to Göritz, where the definitive funeral took place on Monday. Throughout the proceedings were of the plainest character, but the ceremony at Göritz was none the less imposing. The town was hung with black, the churches rang a funeral knell, and troops lined the streets, where crowds thronged to see the long procession of official mourners, headed by Don Carlos, with his son and brother, and the Grand Duke of Parma, clergy, delegations from various French towns and societies, and a mass of private followers. Drawn by six white horses in black and silver trappings, the hearse bore the Royal arms, and was surmounted by golden lilies and a crown. The same emblems ornamented the funeral catafalque in the Cathedral, in addition to the traditional white flag, and the spectacle during the Funeral Mass was most grand. Finally the Count's remains were taken in State to the dilapidated old Monastery of Castagnizza, where they lie in the crypt near those of the Count's grandfather, Charles X. Requiem Masses were held in most French towns on the day of the funeral, the most important being the service at Eu, attended by the Orleans Princesses, and the ceremony at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, in Paris. There crowded all the Legitimist partisans who could not go to Frohsdorf; and though the Government compelled the removal of the Royal arms adorning the church, the service was conducted with regal state.

The Count's funeral, however, was marred by an unseemly dispute about precedence, thanks to the Comtesse de Chambord's dislike to her husband's rightful heir, the Comte de Paris. Professedly desiring that the ceremony should be of a strictly family character, the Countess announced that the nearest relatives—the Italian and Spanish Princes—would be chief mourners, and thus precede the Comte de Paris. As Head of the House, the Count could not publicly accept a secondary position; and though he took the lower place at the Frohsdorf Service, stating that he would not dispute the Countess's wishes under her own roof, neither he nor any of the Orleans Princes appeared at Göritz at all, despite all their partisans' entreaties. Nevertheless, this breach has certainly not injured the Count's position, but has rather cleared the way by distinctly separating him from the bigoted portion of the Legitimist party. On the other hand, the chief Legitimists have unanimously condemned the action, and are rallying round the Count. Most of the French Monarchist Press support the Count, though some intimate that the Monarchy must wait till it is claimed by the country. M. Jules Ferry states, however, that the Orleans Princes will certainly be turned out of France if they attempt any demonstrations.

Just now France has too much on her hands abroad to pay much attention to Royalist pretensions. Effectually successful in Annam, where the new treaty gives them complete control of the kingdom, the French find that this fresh phase of the situation has aroused unmistakeable wrath in China, and if the statement be true that 15,000 troops have crossed the Tonkinese frontier on their way towards the French station at Haidzoung, collision between the two nations seems imminent. It is now officially announced that all negotiation failed at Shanghai, and that further discussion must be carried on with the Marquis Tseng at home, while the Chinese Charge d'Affaires in Paris admits that Chinese troops may have "reinforced" the frontier guards since the treaty was "imposed," and further says that as Suerain China would feel justified in occupying Tonkin under certain circumstances. The Chinese Ambassador has now gone to Paris to confer with the French Government, chiefly, it is reported, through England's good offices, and, indeed, rumour states, that if unable to agree with France, China would be willing to accept British mediation towards a peaceful arrangement. But though the Chinese Government may be ready to come to terms, there is no doubt that they are well prepared for war, and will not submit quietly to French aggression. Certainly much war excitement prevails in China, where the fleet is said to be fitting out, while troops are congregating on the frontier, and 2,000 have gone to Canton, as it is stated that the Admiral commanding the French fleet in Chinese waters will make a naval demonstration on the coast. Already Admiral Courbet has blockaded the Tonkin coast, though France is now professedly at peace with Annam. Moreover China is thought likely to declare that as she as Suerain has not yet recognised the Annamite sovereign, he was powerless to conclude the treaty. It is evident that the convention was made with the candidate of the peace party, Hiep-Hoa, who was raised to the throne under French protection, while Tu-Duc's original successor, Vian Lan, and his army fled at the invaders' approach. These events cause considerable anxiety in France, and every effort is being made to send out fresh troops to cope with the difficulties in Tonkin. Attention thus is quite diverted from Madagascar, where the Queen has been succeeded by her niece, Ranavaloo III., who is married to the Prime Minister. Mr. Shaw is on his way home, and complains bitterly of his treatment. He was kept close prisoner for two months, and was constantly examined on different charges.—PARIS has been saddened by the death of the famous Russian novelist, Tourgueniev, who had long lived in France. He died of a stomachic attack, after a protracted illness, aged sixty-five. A grand *fête* on behalf of the poor was held in the Tuilleries Gardens on Sunday, although the gale spoilt the fun by blowing down many of the booths. This gale was felt heavily on the French coasts.

The relations of GERMANY with her neighbours continues to occupy the chief share of Teutonic attention, for much discussion has been aroused by the meeting of Prince Bismarck with the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Kalnoky, at Gastein, while the Prince's organ, the *North German Gazette*, is still busy lecturing France. The Chancellor and Count Kalnoky spent an unusually long time together, thus affording plentiful scope for all sorts of rumours respecting the Austro-German alliance, while, as Marshal Manteuffel joined the conference, it is generally asserted that the affairs of Alsace-Lorraine were included in the discussion. As to the last article of the *North German Gazette*, it expresses Germany's desire for peace, and hints that if France will honestly recognise the new state of things as definitive, and cease to recommend any breach of the arrangements, the Germans will not interfere with her projects elsewhere. Further, the journal is far more temperate in tone towards French susceptibilities. So, too, were all the Press comments on the anniversary of Sedan, which was celebrated on Sunday, the Emperor opening a splendid panorama of the battle. But the rejoicings were marred by a terrible disaster at the small station of Steglitz, near Berlin, where holiday-makers were returning home from celebrating the day in the country. There passengers are obliged to cross the line, and the crowd pressed through the barriers, closed while expecting a mail train, and were spread all over the line just as an express came up, dashing into their midst. Forty persons were killed and many wounded, and

the whole scene was most terrible. Public indignation is hot against the Prussian Deputies who lately refused to vote the sum asked for erecting a new station where passengers might cross under the line, and who are thus held virtually responsible for the disaster. Parliament has closed after approving the Spanish Commercial Treaty.

The grave disturbances which now trouble AUSTRIA show little sign of improvement. Indeed, in Croatia, the situation threatens civil war, for the opposition to the Hungarians spreads widely throughout the province, and the Ban, or Governor, refuses to carry out the Government's orders, and will do nothing to moderate the disaffection. The Government are determined on strong measures, and will send out a special Commissioner uniting the command of both civil and military power, but meanwhile the military are comparatively powerless against the peasantry, who, encouraged by recent successes, are everywhere tearing down the Hungarian Arms and attacking the public offices, particularly the tax-collectors. Communist propaganda is steadily working on the people, and, in the Zagorin district, the peasants are parading the country, singing the revolutionary songs of 1848. Nor is Hungary proper more tranquil, for the anti-Semitic rioters not only illtreat the Jews, but now attack the landlords, so that wealthy Christian farmers are afraid to stay in the Zala district, which is in a terrible state. As these outrages cover a wide circle, it is evident that the disturbances were carefully planned, but broke out prematurely through the bands of young men out of work, who call themselves Hungarian Nihilists. The mode of proceeding is everywhere the same. Houses are sacked and fired, and every Jew falling into the hands of the rioters is brutally used.

Amidst these troubles, the Austrians are highly gratified by the birth of a daughter to the Crown Prince and Princess on Sunday. The baby was baptised on Wednesday, being named Elizabeth. Vienna has met with a disaster. During the gale on Sunday, a fire, which broke out at a timber yard in the suburb of Rossau, became unmanageable through the high wind, and did enormous damage, other serious conflagrations have followed, and incendiaryism is suspected.

All is quiet in SPAIN, and, the Ministerial Crisis having been averted, the King has started on his foreign trip. Before leaving, the King and Queen went to Corunna, to inaugurate the railway to Vigo, and were most enthusiastically received. Queen Christina remains as Regent during her husband's absence, and the country is gradually recovering from the late outbreaks, so that the suspension of the Constitutional decrees has once more been abrogated. The Ministry, however, have issued stern orders in the event of any further military rising. Señor Zorrilla is now in Switzerland, where he has been freely giving his opinions respecting the chances of a revolution in Spain, which he considers highly probable. He strongly denies that the French furnished any material assistance to the late insurrection, and declares that he left France voluntarily, to avoid giving the Government any trouble.

The cholera epidemic in EGYPT seems nearly at an end, and though some few deaths daily occur in Alexandria, the general mortality is small. Up to the end of last month, the disease had carried off 26,900 persons, and of these Cairo lost 6,710, and Damietta 1,830. Amongst British troops 138 men died, the Sussex Regiment suffering most. Now many of the British doctors are to go home, while the troops are moving back to their old barracks, and are said to be in excellent health. It is believed, also, that the Army of Occupation will shortly be reduced to 3,000 men. Quarantine has now been abolished, and traffic through the Suez Canal goes on as before the outbreak. Egyptians are beginning to better appreciate the franchise, for more voters than usual are taking part in the present elections.

Of other Eastern affairs, TURKEY and MONTENEGRO have managed to settle their frontier difficulties most amicably by concessions on both sides, and Prince Nikita has gone home to superintend the arrangements. The Porte is not so agreeable towards England respecting the difficulty about the coasting trade, the Commission of Inquiry having decided that no foreign steamers will have a right to ply between Turkish ports. This decision will weigh heavily on British owners in Smyrna and Constantinople. BULGARIA is to have a new Constitution. Prince Alexander has signed a manifesto renouncing his arbitrary powers, and stating that he will appoint a commission to frame the improved Constitution.

Famine is again feared in UPPER INDIA, owing to continued drought, and Government relief works are to be established at once in the Northern Provinces. Some 8,000 persons will thus be employed in the districts of Hissar and Sirsa, in the south-east of the Punjab, while the construction of a railway between Jhansi and Manickpore will give further occupation to one of the poorest parts of the North-Western Provinces. Dearth is so frequent in Jhansi, that the population has been steadily decreasing during the last few years from want.—Constant opposition meetings to the Ilbert Bill continue to be held, the railway operatives and indigo-planters being now most active in protest. On the other hand, the Government has published a few opinions from the Madras officials, of whom the Governor, Mr. Grant Duff, Sir Frederick Roberts, and the Advocate-General give a lukewarm approval.

The rising of the Ghilzais in AFGHANISTAN seems to have been considerably exaggerated, as, though some disturbances have occurred, the most influential chiefs support the Ameer.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, a slight earthquake in the Alban Hills, near Rome, caused great alarm in ITALY on Sunday; while a violent storm raged all over the country. At Naples the heavy rain undermined the foundations of several houses, and one villa fell, burying eleven persons. In order to assist the Ischia sufferers, the Relief Committee will establish an Agrarian Bank of Crédit, to make small loans to proprietors needing help to carry on cultivation. The difficulty with Morocco is almost settled, as the Moorish Government have conceded most of the Italian demands, and have sent several officials to the Italian Envoy to formally apologise for the treatment of Italian subjects.—Military manoeuvres are being held in BELGIUM, simulating the passage of a German army through the country intending to invade France. A highly interesting National Architectural Exhibition is now being held at the Brussels Palais des Beaux-Arts. Plans and drawings of the chief buildings erected in Belgium since she became an independent kingdom, in 1830, are collected in the modern section; while the ancient exhibits are particularly valuable, dating back for several centuries, and including many priceless drawings by Rubens.—Royal meetings are now transferred to DENMARK, and Continental opinion persists in giving a political object to the family gathering at Copenhagen, which includes the Czar of Russia and the King of Sweden. But the Czar is maintaining great privacy, and refuses to join in any public *fêtes*.—Some effects of the disastrous earthquake in JAVA—which is fully treated in "Our Illustrations"—were felt in the UNITED STATES, as strong tidal waves visited the Pacific coast, inflicting much damage. Further, a terrible storm has occurred on the Newfoundland Bank, causing the loss of a hundred fishing-boats and eighty lives.—Matters in SOUTH AFRICA are very unsatisfactory, for anarchy again reigns in Zululand, and the natives are dreading a fresh attack from Usibepu. The Resident cannot succeed in meeting Cetewayo, who flies at his approach, so rumours are abroad that the King himself is not alive after all, but that the messages come from his descendants, Zulu custom compelling the death of the Sovereign to be concealed as long as possible.



THE Royal party in the Highlands has now been joined by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who arrived at Balmoral on Monday on a visit to the Queen. Since his arrival Her Majesty has conferred the Order of the Garter on the young Prince. The Queen and the Royal Family are enjoying perfect quiet, and while Her Majesty and the Princesses walk and drive daily the young Princes spend their time in fishing and deerstalking. There have been few visitors to the Castle, but the Rev. A. Campbell has dined with Her Majesty, and on Sunday officiated at Divine Service at Balmoral before the Queen and the Princes and Princesses. Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Clarke have also dined with the Royal party, while Her Majesty has received Madame Albani and her husband, Mr. Ernest Gye, and Miss Clara Gye.—Princess Beatrice visits Aberdeen at the end of this month to open a bazaar in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital, when the Princess will inaugurate the new Park presented to the city by Miss Dutchie.

All the other members of the Royal Family are now on the Continent. The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to Baden-Baden on Monday, and returned to Homburg, stopping at Frankfort en route to see the Duke of Cambridge, who was on his way to Copenhagen. The Prince remains at Homburg for the manoeuvres, and afterwards will join the Princess and daughters in Denmark. Meanwhile, the Duke and Duchess of Albany are also at Homburg, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught left England for Berlin, on Tuesday, crossing from Dover to Calais. They return about the 18th inst., as the Duke leaves for his Indian command on October 2nd. The Duke of Edinburgh will join his brothers from Coburg for the manoeuvres, while Prince Christian and his daughters are staying with the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. On returning to England the Duke and Duchess of Albany will visit Huddersfield on October 13th to open the new Public Park, and to inspect the Technical School Exhibition. Prince George of Wales reached Quebec in the Canada on Tuesday, and is now staying with his aunt, Princess Louise.



WOLVERHAMPTON FESTIVAL.—The Wolverhampton Musical Festival, which comes off next week, and is established in aid of the Wolverhampton and South Staffordshire Hospital, promises to be lively and agreeable, and, if what we hear be true, is likely to answer the purpose in hand. The Earl of Dartmouth has consented to act as President. The promoters, under the advice of Dr. Swinnerton Heap, a well-known organist and composer, to whom the post of conductor is assigned, have done their utmost to provide an attractive selection of music, and, as a glance at the general arrangements will show, not without proportionate success. Dr. Heap has engaged an efficient band, led by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, with a chorus to match, which form an imposing company of 300 executants. The leading singers are Misses Anna Williams, Mary Davies, Eleanor Farnoll, Emilie Lloyd, Signor Foli, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Joseph Maas, and Frederick King. The days of performance are Thursday and Friday—two concerts each day, sacred music in the morning, secular music in the evening. Thursday morning will be wholly devoted to the (happily) inevitable *Elijah*. To the programme of Friday Beethoven, Hummel, Gounod, and Mozart contribute—the first, his one oratorio, the *Mount of Olives*; the second, his "Alma Virgo"; the third, his Solemn Mass; and the fourth, his "Jupiter" Symphony, than which last no more magnificent voluntary could have been chosen. We are, moreover, of opinion that a specimen of Hummel's sacred music, now too seldom heard, will be heartily welcomed; and the "Alma Virgo" is by no means an unhappy one. The chief feature at the first evening concert is Professor Macfarren's picturesque cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*, originally composed for the Glasgow Choral Society, who first introduced it to the public (Nov. 15th, 1877). The same conspicuous position is awarded at Friday night's concert to Mr. Mackenzie's cantata, *Jason*, which, produced at the Bristol Festival (Oct. 19th, 1882), first revealed to the musical world at large the talent of the future composer of *Colomba*. The rest of the programme is miscellaneous, with one invariably striking exception, however—Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Mr. J. T. Carrodus.

GLoucester FESTIVAL.—This meeting of the "Three Choirs," ample preliminary particulars of which appeared in last week's *Graphic*, seems not by any means to have disappointed, but rather to have surpassed, expectation. *Elijah* on the first day attracted its never-failing crowd, and held its own, which it is always likely to do, with such a representative of the Prophet as Mr. Santley. The evening concert began with Mozart's G minor Symphony, which, being put at the commencement of the programme, when party after party of "fashionable" people were trying to find out and appropriate their places, could not be heard with the undivided attention due to its superlative merit. A fine performance of the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, by Mr. Carrodus, who interpolated the elaborate *cadenza*, written by his well remembered master, Bernhard Molique, was received with prolonged applause. The new contribution of Mr. Hubert Parry—a setting for chorus and orchestra of Shirley's lines, "The Glories of our Birth and State"—gave rise to conflicting opinions. The work itself, however, is of too serious a character, and comes from too accomplished a pen, to be dismissed summarily after a single hearing. We therefore reserve our criticism. Mr. Parry himself conducted, but the execution was hardly up to the mark. The remainder, with the exception of Chopin's G minor ballad, played by Miss Amy Hare, consisted of popular vocal pieces, in which most of the leading singers had to share, and last, not least, a very pleasing and well-written part-song, by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, Mr. Williams's precursor as cathedral organist. The production of the two chief novelties of the Festival, Dr. Stainer's *St. Mary Magdalen*, and Dr. Arnold's *Sennacherib*, to say nothing of Mr. C. V. Stanford's *Elegiac Symphony*, and M. Gounod's *Redemption*, came for the most part too late for notice in this issue. We must therefore withhold what further brief remarks we have to make until our next.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concerts are going on swimmingly, if crowded houses mean anything. On the other hand, the programmes, however wildly "miscellaneous," offer many points worth notice had we space at command. A word about the last two "classical" concerts must suffice. At the first the symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor ("Scotch"), the overture Beethoven's great *Leonora*, both played with spirit under the direction of Mr. Gwylym Crowe. An interesting relic of Mozart, in shape of a *concertante* for violin and viola, with

orchestral accompaniments, in which the solo parts were admirably rendered by Messrs. Carrodus and Doyle, together with an extremely fine reading of Sterndale Bennett's F minor Concerto, by Madame Frickenhaus, the ballet music from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*, and Handel's air, "Lascia ch' io Piange," charmingly sung by Madame Patey, completed the selection. On Wednesday night the symphony was Mozart's "Jupiter," the overture of Weber's *Oberon*, to these being added the *entr'acte* from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, and a quaint gavotte by Lulli. The solo displays were the opening movement from Schumann's pianoforte concerto (Miss Florence Waud), and Beethoven's Romanza in F (Mr. Viotti Collins). The vocalists, Madame Enriquez, Mr. Burdon, and Miss Annie Marriott, sang respectively pieces by Spohr, Berlioz, and Gounod. Both programmes were highly satisfactory, and, though showing no attempt whatever at research, drawn up with a keen sense of contrast and variety, for which Mr. Crowe deserves credit.

WAIFS.—The young English pianist and composer, Mr. Eugène D'Albert, besides giving concerts on his own account, is engaged to play by many of the Philharmonic and Museum Societies throughout Germany.—Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba* is positively to be given at the Hamburg Stadttheater early in the winter. English music appears to be forcing a path for itself in Germany. Whether it is destined at any time to break through the barriers of France remains to be seen.—Among the novelties promised during the coming season at the Opera in Vienna is Mr. F. H. Cowen's orchestral suite, entitled *The Language of Flowers*. We are also promised a revival of Gluck's operas, in chronological order. The Mozart "Cyclus" was so successful that another step in the same direction is justified.—Venetian amateurs have been attracted to the Lelio by a female tenor, in the person of Signorina Barlandini, who changing, *pro tem.*, her sex and voice, has appeared with great success in scenes from the various popular operas. She is said to possess a "C" from the chest to excite the envy of a Tamberlik or Wachter. The expedient adopted by the lady is confined to the stage, where the dearth of competent tenors is most felt.—Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* is to be brought out at the Stadttheatre, Cologne, about the end of October.—Angelo Neumann, of Wagner notoriety, will give representations of the *Ring des Nibelungen* during the coming season, in Scandinavia, with Materna and Scaria as leading soprano and bass.—The exclusive right of performing the Tetralogy has been acquired for the Prussian Theatres Royal, in Berlin, Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden.—A new work called "Richard Wagner: His Life and Works," written in Dutch by a plain Dutchman, has just been published at Amsterdam. The "faithful" are already on the alert to see if it is worth translation; in other words, whether it adheres religiously to the Wagnerian tenets, and does not attempt to controvert a single word the master has said or written.—Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, so well known in England, is appointed Honorary Professor at the Madrid Conservatory of Music.—The veteran Carl Formes, whose face and figure, to say nothing of his rare bass voice, were once so familiar among us, and who has long taken up his residence in America, is engaged to sing at the Grand Musical Festival to take place in the first week of October.—It is calculated, by musical statisticians, that since Jenny Lind's visit to America—in other words, within a period of thirty-four years—over twenty millions of dollars have been expended on musical artists in the United States.—Another large theatre is building at San Juan, in the Argentine Republic—with "due precautions," &c., let us hope.—Twenty-two Italian theatres are now giving operatic performances.—A new musical and dramatic journal, "*Frou-Frou*," written in Spanish, Italian, French, and English, has been started at Buenos Ayres. *Lohengrin* has been given here by an Italian operatic company.—Madame Christine Nilsson has returned from Schwalbach to Paris, where she remains for a short time previous to her departure for New York.—M. Maurel, Director of the Paris Théâtre des Nations, has made proposals to Mr. Henry Irving for a series of performances.



THE LATEST BULLETINS of the Bishop of Peterborough's health are more satisfactory. "The general condition," it was announced on Monday, "has improved. The peritoneal abscess still discharges internally, but causes less pain."

THE DETERMINATION OF THE ADMIRALTY to rebuild Sheerness Dockyard Church, destroyed by fire in 1881, has given great satisfaction in the neighbourhood. The new church will cost 5,000*l.*, and will be altogether a larger and handsomer building than the old. A portion of the expense will be borne by the War Office, as the church will be used by the troops upon the spot, who now attend Divine service in a Mission House.

THE REVISION OF THE QUAKERS' BOOK OF DISCIPLINE, one of the chief subjects of discussion at the last annual Conference of "The Friends," has now, according to the *Echo*, been completed, and the new edition will be published at the end of the year.

THE CONSECRATION OF THE REV. A. J. POOLE to the Bishopric of Japan is to take place on St. Michael's Day, in Lambeth Palace Chapel.—The new Bishop of Argyll and the Isles was enthroned on Tuesday last in his Cathedral Church at Cumbrae Millport.

THE SEARCH FOR THE REV. MERTON SMITH has now been practically abandoned. It is believed that he must have fallen into the river which runs near Eaux Chaudes through some picturesque, but dangerous passes, parts of which are completely inaccessible.

THE SUPPORTERS OF THE CHURCH SCHOOLS COMPANY are said to be extremely dissatisfied with the prospect of a Conscience Clause being introduced into their schools, as stipulated by the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Churchmen of the middle class, they argue, are quite numerous enough to support any number of Church schools, without appealing to the larger, and, in many respects, antagonistic class, who would approve of a Conscience Clause. Neither, say they, is such a concession necessary for pecuniary reasons, as was the case in the elementary schools, for the Church Schools Company neither asks nor receives any grant in aid from Government, but depends wholly upon its own resources. This feeling of discontent is said to be shared by many Evangelicals, as well as by High Churchmen.

THE SALVATION ARMY will shortly celebrate its eighteenth anniversary. As compared with last year, its strength at home is 591 corps and 1,439 officers, against 320 corps and 711 officers in 1882. Abroad the progress has been equally satisfactory, most of all in our Australian colonies, where three or four corps, established last year in South Australia, have increased to 24 corps, with 40 officers. A new order of "sergeants" has been created for "out-post duty," i.e., for leading small detachments from five to ten miles into the country on Sundays, and occupying isolated villages, which in almost every case soon form self-supporting corps. "Their bands," it is added, "are listened to, by the common people at least, with attention and pleasure." Miss Booth has issued a number of circular invitations to a great Salvationist gathering on the Swiss frontier.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN has addressed a circular to all the Incumbents in his Diocese to inform them that 15,000*l.* have been already promised to the Southwell Bishopric Fund within the last two months and a half, leaving only 13,000*l.* for the completion of

the endowment. Of this amount a subscriber of 1,000*l.* will contribute 2,000*l.* more if the remaining 11,000*l.* be raised before the end of the year.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED at Cromer, after a short illness, of the Rev. Sydney Gedge, in his eighty-first year. Mr. Gedge was in the First Class in the Classical Tripos with Lord Hatherley in 1824, the year in which that tripos was first instituted, and was Second Master of King Edward the Sixth's School, at Birmingham, from 1835 to 1859, when he was presented by Lord Overstone with the living of All Saints, Northampton, which he resigned in his seventy-fifth year, to make way, as he said, for younger and stronger men.

MR. HERKOMER'S NEW SCHOOL OF ART

MR. HERKOMER's plans and arrangements for his new School of Art at Bushey should make it a great success. The opening of it will take place about the end of October, and it will be conducted in a method totally different from any with which we are familiar. Mr. Herkomer is an Associate of the Royal Academy, has done duty as a teacher in the Art Schools at Burlington House, and has besides paid very careful attention to the ordinary routine of other English and Continental Art Schools. From these he has formed his opinions as to the conditions under which Art can be most advantageously studied, and from his experience and his own particular theories has evolved a system of Art study which promises to be unique in its simplicity and comprehensiveness. Those who study at Bushey will be far away from the distractions and noise of town life; and for nine months continuously they will study daily with nothing to come between them and their work. Models will sit from ten till three o'clock, and from seven to nine in the evening, but industrious workers will not be debarred from working all the day through.

Mr. Herkomer's rules are strict in most ways, for he has no wish to encourage idlers or amateurs to join. He has fixed the fee at the low sum of 18*l.* for the nine months, to bring it within the reach of all, and because, as no one wishes to make any profit out of the school, that sum from each will be sufficient to cover all the disbursements made for models, porters, and other attendants. Other expenses there are none, for the school building is presented by a private gentleman, who offered to build a studio or school, in order that his ward might have lessons from Mr. Herkomer, and Mr. Herkomer's valuable services are given gratuitously. At first it was only intended to build a studio to accommodate a class, but gradually the plans have been altered until now there are three studios, a Specimen Gallery for pictures which Mr. Herkomer hopes to borrow from time to time from contemporary artists, bedrooms for porters, and the models (who, like the students, will live at Bushey), besides hat and cloak rooms, and a room provided with racks for the students' canvases. A corridor runs through the whole length of the building, being enclosed at the farthest end by a deep sheet of plate-glass, through which a charming view of the slopes and hills around is seen, and communicating at the other end with the cloistered quadrangle which forms the entrance. The studios are built of such a size that every one can see the model well from any part of the room; they are all well ventilated, well warmed, and thoroughly ensured against damp by a two-foot-deep concrete foundation under the flooring. The lights vary in each, so that the male and female students may change about when they want different effects. In one, which is picturesquely decorated with a high oak panelling and some exquisite wood carving, there is a high side-light alone; another has both a top and side-light of great height; whilst a third, designed for experiments in light, has not only a double top-light admitted through sloping and flat ground glass, but a triangular projection built entirely of ground glass, so designed that the nude figure may be painted completely surrounded by light—an advantage which is attainable in no other school. To these studios the student will have free access at all times of the day; and those who have produced good designs of pictures during their studentship will have the further privilege, if they so wish, of using the studios throughout the whole of the three months' holiday to paint their pictures. Every thought possible seems to have been exercised to secure the utmost advantages with the least expense to the students. If it can be arranged, all the artistic materials necessary will be sold on the premises at as low a rate as possible, as Mr. Herkomer intends all his students to paint life-sized figures, and the expense of canvases will therefore be great. The exact course of study is not yet definitely decided upon. Mr. Herkomer has many schemes in his mind, and they will be developed as the needs of the students call for them. Mr. Herkomer will leave them much to themselves, to work out their own ideas, but he will always be ready with his advice or assistance. His own studio is but a few yards from the school; and, working or not, he will never deny himself to those who are perplexed or unable to get on with their work. The magnitude of Mr. Herkomer's undertaking will be seen when we say that he will allow the number of students to be as great as sixty. More than these he will not take, because he wants to know each one individually, in order to really advise and assist them. Probably he will only commence with twenty-five or thirty students, selected after a rigid test of a drawing of a nude figure from life, or, in the case of landscape students, of a landscape from nature and a head from life, which will be sent in this month or next. The lady artists will compete on equal terms with the men, and when at the school they will have equal advantages. A nude class is still denied the ladies at the academy schools, in spite of many applications, but in Mr. Herkomer's school they will have a nude class, and have the same privileges as the men in visiting Mr. Herkomer's work-rooms, where he personally superintends the casting of his designs in bronze, silver, and other metals, and the engraving of his own pictures and portraits from steel and copper plates. Mr. Herkomer's own life is one of great simplicity and laboriousness. His energy in overcoming obstacles is indomitable, and his aims for the elevation of art, and his remarkable perseverance, together with the quietness of the peaceful country life, cannot fail to influence the art students who put themselves under his charge. Here, if anywhere, should artistic training of the highest order be possible.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—In spite of one or two drawbacks, Miss Anderson's *début* at the Lyceum, last Saturday evening, was a decided success. It attracted the first distinguished audience of the autumn season, and it was received with consistent and not undiscriminating applause. The young lady's good looks, of which so much had been heard before her arrival, proved quite able to prepossess spectators in her favour; and the conquest thus begun was completed by Miss Anderson's command of many resources of her art. It may be that she is somewhat given to posing, and is a little self-conscious in her displays of emotion. But before this can be determined she must be seen in some rôle less theatrical and artificial than *Parthenia*. In any case she is clearly an actress of no mean accomplishments, has studied much, if not always in the best of schools, and has an exceptional amount of personal grace whereby

to atone for the shortcomings incident to youthfulness and nervousness. Her control of her voice is by no means perfect, and her performance is not very even. But many of its passages have a rare charm; and, as a whole, it entitles her to a place in the foremost rank of our English actresses. What this precise place is cannot be fairly judged until she has dealt on our stage with some work less stilted, old-fashioned, and less formal than *Ingomar*. It should be added that her flat intonation, rather than her accent, is American, and that this is by no means unpleasing, except when the actress has occasion to speak with much emphasis. The general representation is exceptionally good, both in the matter of cast and scenery. In the former, Mr. Barnes distinguishes himself by the solid weight of his manner no less than by a picturesqueness which he does not generally attain; and his *Ingomar* is capitally supported by Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Stephens in minor parts. If Mr. Abbey's future productions are given in like style, he will readily succeed in keeping up the reputation and popularity of the Lyceum during Mr. Irving's absence. But to do this his choice of a medium for his efforts must be happier than in the present instance.

A new version of *Bleak House*, by Mr. James Mortimer, was brought out at the new GRAND Theatre, Islington, on Saturday last, and proved very successful. Its title is *Move On; or, Joe the Outcast*. In the character of Jo, Miss Lydia Cowell displayed genuine pathetic power and a strong sense of the lights and shades of character.

DRURY LANE is now added to the constantly extending list of houses which have abandoned the old and vicious system of fees for programmes, &c. The reform can, of course, only be carried out by vigilance on the part of the management, or without this attendants, as we all know, can contrive in various ways to levy petty tolls, which, though nominally voluntary, are really compulsory. In abolishing the old system, the management really sacrifices an important source of revenue, and it would be hard on them, as well as on visitors, if their objects were defeated.

The audacious proposal to disturb the honoured bones of Shakespeare, just to see what his skull might be like, seems to be little likely to survive the contempt and ridicule which it has justly provoked; but there is a practical difficulty in the way, which as a last resort would probably prove very effectual. So strong is the feeling of superstition among the labouring class in Stratford with regard to the famous curse upon him who "moves these bones" that it certainly would not be easy to secure the necessary "resurrection men" in the neighbourhood; nor can there be the least doubt that an attempt to employ strangers for such a purpose would lead to a popular demonstration of a rather unpleasant kind.

On Thursday this week at the CRYSTAL PALACE Miss Mary Dickens was to take the part of Ruth Pinch in Messrs. Clifton and Dilley's version of "Martin Chuzzlewit." This first appearance of the granddaughter of the immortal novelist in one of her grandfather's creations is likely to interest both readers and playgoers. Since its production at the VAUDEVILLE the authors have, we understand, revised and introduced some alterations with a view to strengthen this version, which bears the title of *Tom Pinch*.

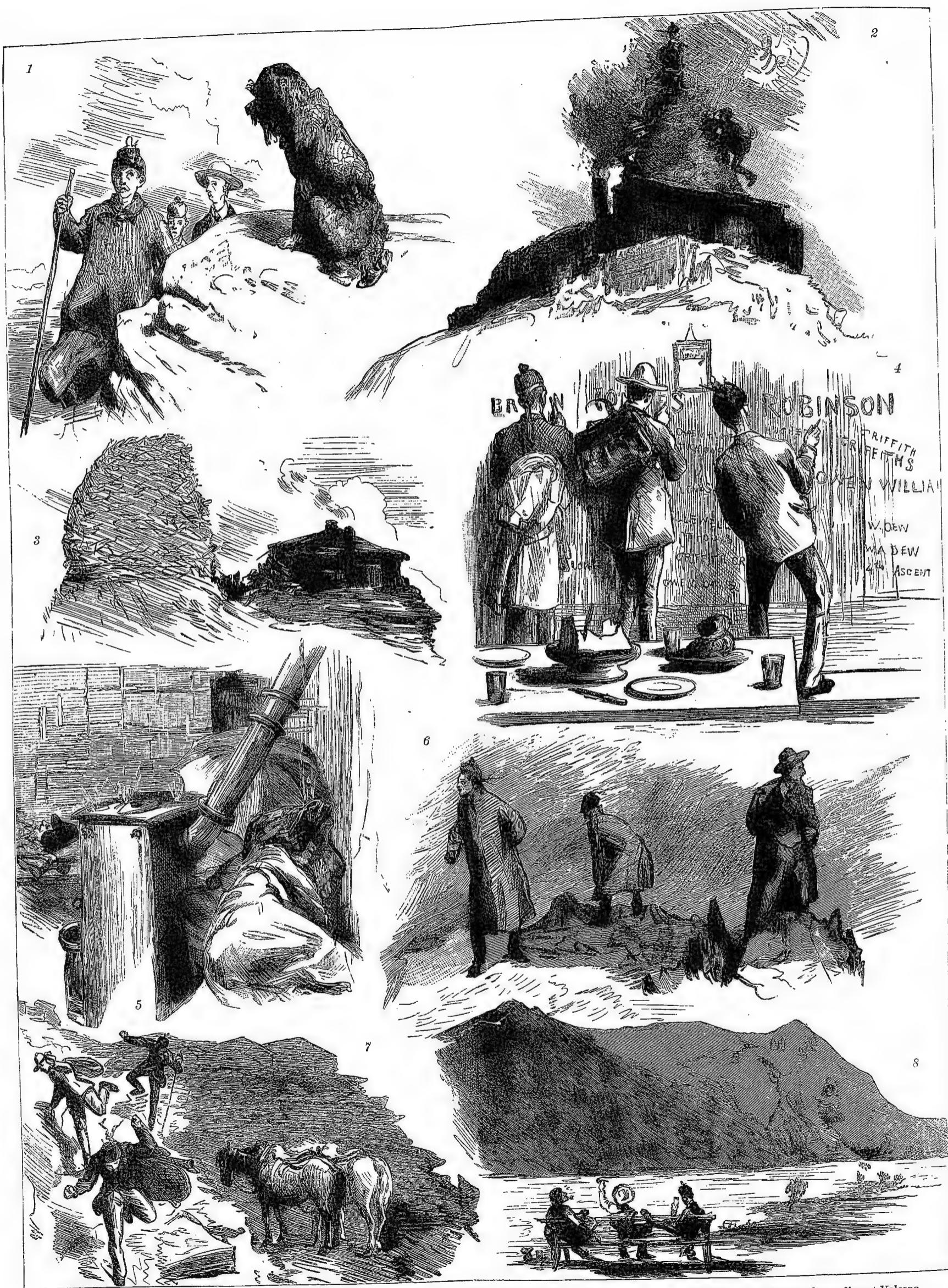
The GAIETY matinées are to be resumed on Saturday next. The supply of new Juliets and Julias for the forthcoming matinée season shows, we believe, signs of being fully up to the average of past years.

The regular GAIETY performances were resumed on Monday last, when Miss E. Farren and other popular members of the company reappeared in Mr. Burnand's burlesque drama of *Blue Beard*.

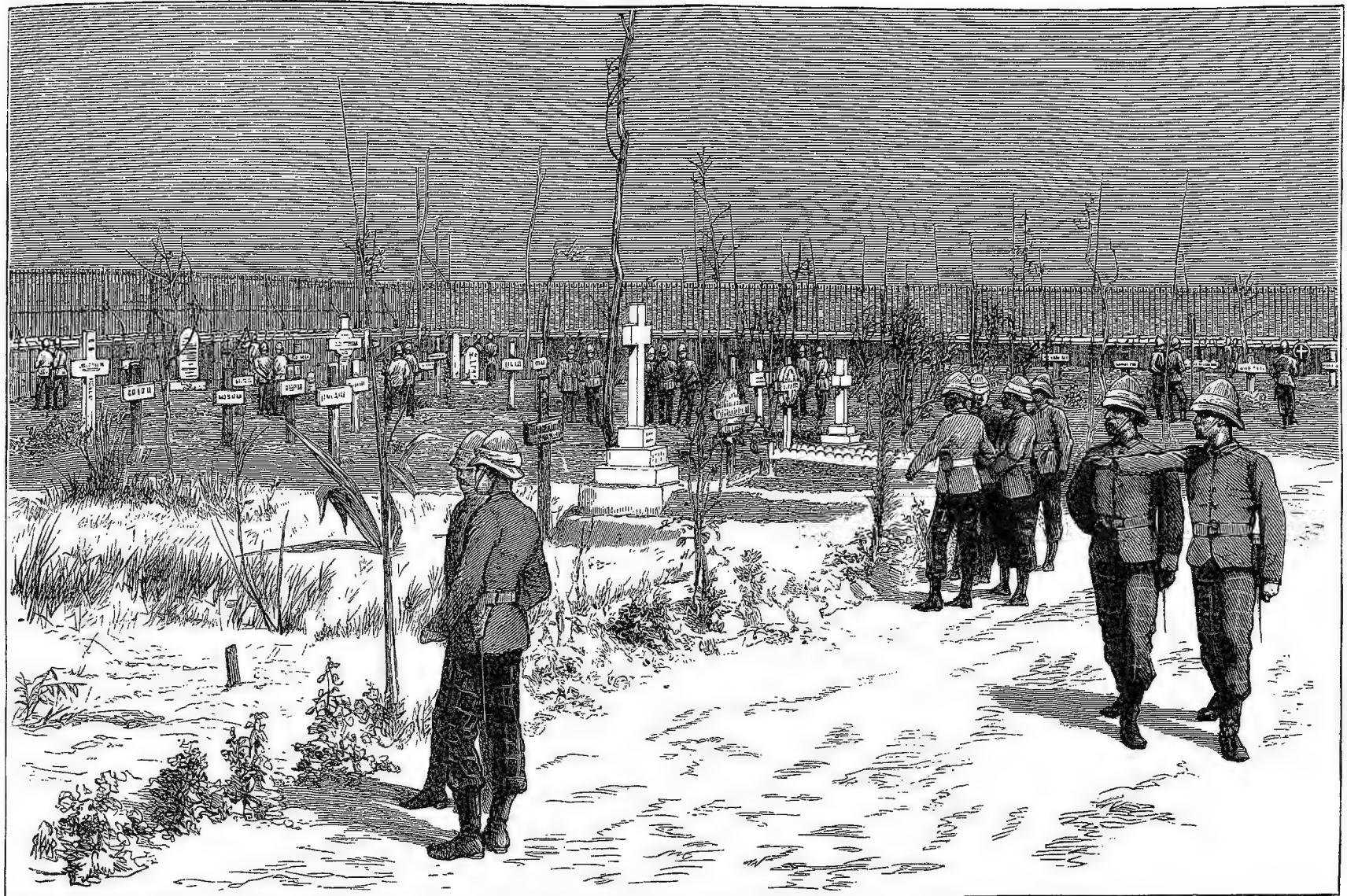
Miss Mary Anderson will, we believe, play the part of Julia in *The Hunchback* after the run of *Ingomar*.

GOLD IN THE TRANSVAAL

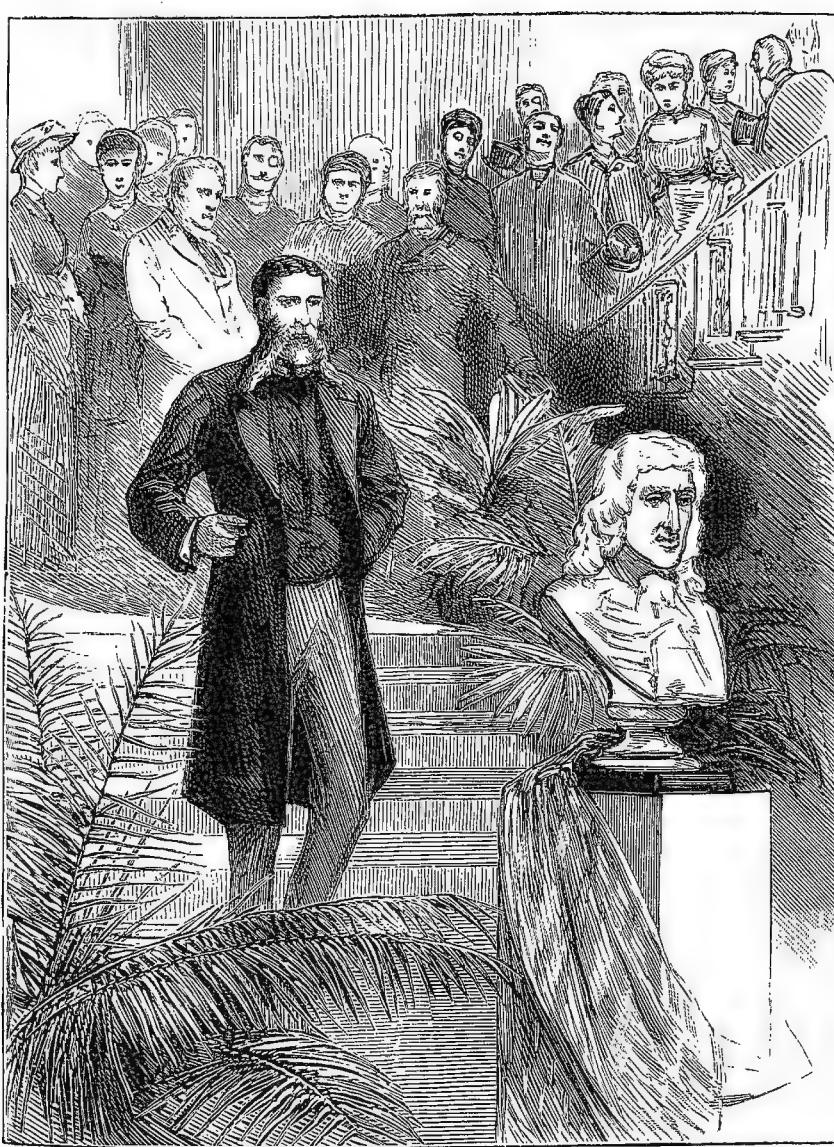
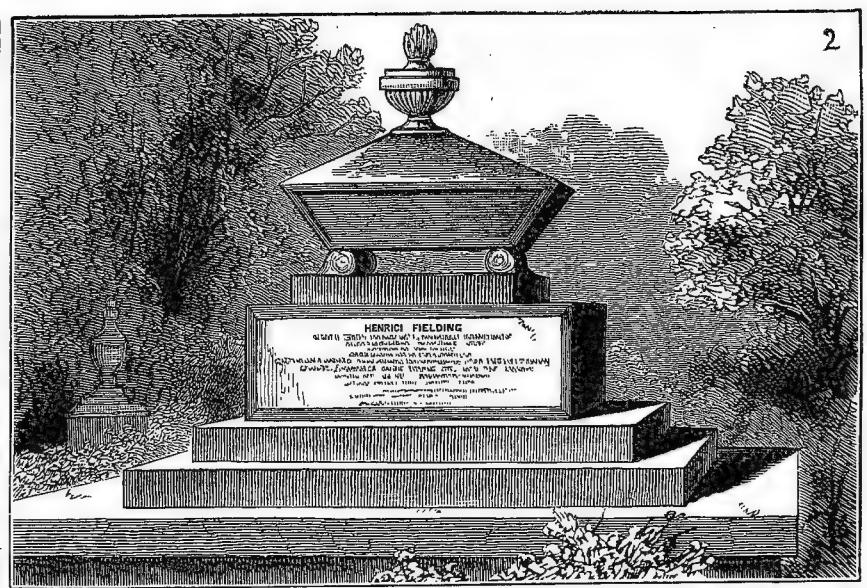
WHERE was Tharshish, whence Solomon's navy brought, besides gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks? Tartessus, says the schoolboy. No, my young friend; that Spanish port might account for transportable merchandise like ivory; you may even say that the apes could be got at Gibraltar, possibly, in those early days, on the mainland of Spain itself; but how about the peacocks? Tharshish, you may depend upon it, was a long way off, as far, perhaps, as those Egyptians sailed whose account Herodotus disbelieved for the very reason which proves the truth of it to us, because, after going ever so far down the African coast, they began to see the midday sun to the north of them instead of to the south. Where, again, was Ophir, whence the navy of Hiram brought gold (always gold) and almug trees? It is no use asking. Such questions belong to Sir Thomas Browne's "What song the Sirens sang, and by what name was Achilles called when he hid himself among the daughters of Lycomedes?" As well we might inquire the whereabouts of that "River Pison, which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good." One thing these old geography notes make clear, that the ancients knew more of the world than we fancy; and such, too, must be the first feeling of any one who comes across the old mine workings in the Transvaal. There, where the very use and value of gold had wholly died out, where to the Zulu it was absolutely worthless until, the other day, we taught him that it would buy muskets and "Cape smoke," are workings which show that in relatively prehistoric times somebody did get out the gold, and get it out in a very scientific and civilised fashion. Phoenicians? Oh, yes; they gave its name to Cornish Wheal Hermon, and their Hebrew brethren, who naturally followed in their wake, left (no matter what Prof. Max Müller might say) the stamp of their sorrow on Marah-Zion. And what more natural than for Mr. Matthew Arnold's dark-eyed sailor, indignant at being disturbed by the pushing young Greek, to shake out his sails and get away beyond the Pillars and round the Cape, or to steer up the Nile and cross over into Necho's Suez Canal, and so coast down to the thirtieth parallel South? But could these wonderful Phoenicians sink shafts? They, or "the old men" who are locally identified with them, certainly never sunk a shaft in Cornwall. They tracked the lode from points where it was exposed on the sea face of the rock, burrowing upwards, and sometimes driving horizontal adits. But shafts, I think, came into Cornwall with the post Reformation batch of German miners, much about the time when Dud Dudley was introducing German methods of working iron in Midland furnaces. Well, here in the Transvaal are shafts as good as one of our best engineers could make. Who sunk them? How very disappointing to have to confess that it was the Portuguese after all. No Phoenicians; no mystery, save that the record of a civilised nation having been here, long enough to sink shafts and bore tunnels, and make very good roads, should be non-existent. There are signs of blasting; there are the piles of ore ready for the waggons, not rude heaps, but regular as if for measurement. There is a gallery walled up as if the work had been suddenly abandoned by men who meant to come back when a pressing danger was past. It is all as mysterious as the old old copper mining about Lake Superior by that skilful race which knew how to make copper as hard as bronze without mixing anything else with it, and who abandoned their workings in the same sudden way in which these were abandoned. All we can say is, the Portuguese got a lot of gold from somewhere or other in the seventeenth century, and things are naturally soon forgotten in South Africa, where the inhabitants of a whole country are sometimes swept off to a man twice or thrice in a century. Abyssinia is much nearer home, and Abyssinians don't forget so



1. Near the Top they are Confronted with an Animal (The Caretaker's Dog).—2. They Attain the Very Summit, and are Enveloped in the Fumes of an adjacent Volcano ("Must be the Cheminée."—ED.).—3. The Top.—4. Refreshed, they Proceed to the Crowning Act of Heroism.—5. They Determine to Stay the Night in Order to See the Sunrise. They choose a Cosy Corner in the Shanty. (Rainy Night, Shanty Leaky; Everything is *Leeky* in Wales.)—6. Next Morning they Watch for the Rising Sun.—7. "Facilis Descensus."—8. Safely Down, and in the Garden of the "Snowdon Ranger," they Contemplate the Wonderful Formation of the Elephant Mountain.



EGYPT—THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

1. The Ceremony : Mr. Lowell's Address.—2. Fielding's Tomb at Lisbon.—3. Sharpham Hall, Somerset, Fielding's Birthplace.
UNVEILING THE BUST OF FIELDING AT THE SHIRE HALL, TAUNTON

fast as Kaffirs; yet the early Portuguese relations with Abyssinia, one of the lands of Prester John, are very obscure. Whoever began the workings, these Transvaal gold mines are very rich; there is plenty of water-power, and Kaffir labour at 3/- a month, food included. The yield is at least ten ounces a ton in the quartz, and half an ounce in the slate. It is, as most people know, a very healthy country—the air so dry that they are beginning to send consumptive patients there. "Four hundred square miles of gold-bearing rock, including the richest mine I ever saw or heard of, besides garnets, and rubies, and copper," that is Mr. Stewart's report. One wonders that the usual rush has not begun long ago, and that men are not as eager about claims as they are in the neighbouring Diamond Fields.

The reason is that the Boer Government (which we have found must have its own way) does not like that kind of thing. Under our rule, any Crown district that is proclaimed a goldfield is open to individual diggers. Under Boer Law an intending miner must get a concession from the Government, never given except to the landowner, and must agree to pay a royalty, in the shape of a percentage on net returns. Boerland, therefore, is shut to the individual gold-digger. He can't take up a claim, and then, if it turns out badly, sell it to some new comer, if he can find one green enough to buy, and move off to another digging. Which plan is the fairer it is hard to say. Both have their good and bad points. The Transvaal appears to be fabulously rich in gold. Will English companies care to buy land, and put themselves under Boer Law?

H. S. F.

HARVEST HOMES, THEN AND NOW

A WELL-MEANING and hard-working clergyman in the North lately tried to revive in his village the festivities of May Day, and in some sense he was fairly successful; but it was very much in the style of the modern "Old English Fair," which of late years has become so fashionable, and which after all is but a kind of stage play, for even the enthusiasm of the onlookers and buyers is put on to give effect to the *mise en scène*. So is it with any attempt to revive the old customs of Harvest Home: the distance between master and servant is now too great to be easily bridged over for one night; the rivalry among the servants themselves to appear grander than others, and grander than they really are, has replaced the old rivalry wherein each strove to be the most pleasant or the most amusing; new modes of husbandry, and the introduction of steam and machinery in the place of the old forms of manual labour, all render the ancient manner of rejoicing anachronistic. A sickle is an instrument almost unknown to the present generation of farmers, and the long rows of reapers, male and female, sickle in hand, following each other across the cornfield, is a sight absolutely of the past; even the scythe, which used to be used only for grass, but which some years ago supplanted the sickle for corn-cutting, has now in turn been very generally supplanted by the more modern "reaper," which with its incessant whirr goes round and round the field, leaving at each turn an ever-lessening patch of standing corn in the middle. In this part of the harvesting process the enthusiasm of numbers is entirely lost; one man seated on the machine, which is pulled by a horse, may go his solitary rounds, and accomplish more in one day than scores of men and women whose sickles kept time to their incessant chatter and peals of rude laughter.

The sentimental has given place to the utilitarian, and the bringing home of the last load of corn is quite as matter-of-fact a proceeding on the modern farm as is the carrying-out of the first load of manure in winter. Now, if the farmer wants his men to work beyond the stipulated hour for leaving, he must pay them extra money, and the men would probably be laughed at for their pains, and asked how much they were going to be paid for the additional exertion, if, as they went home with the last load, they burst forth into the old song:

Harvest home, harvest home;
We have ploughed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed,
We have brought home every load.
Hip, hip, hip, Harvest Home!

While any who should follow the old Lincolnshire custom of carrying handbells along with the last load, and singing:

The boughs do shake, the bells do ring,
So merrily comes our harvest in;
Our harvest in, our harvest in,
So merrily comes our harvest in.
Hurrah!

would be thought to have gone stark mad.

The old Harvest Home was held in the big kitchen of the farmhouse, which was roughly decorated for the occasion, the last-cut sheaf, gaily decked off with ribbons, and which had been left to be reaped by the bonniest lass in the field, occupying a conspicuous place. Meats and pies of substantial kind were there in abundance and variety—people were not troubled with dyspepsia in those days; there was plenty of good ale to wash down the viands; there were churchwarden pipes for those who could smoke; and the village vocalist aired his quavers, while the general company joined in the chorus with stentorian lungs. Meanwhile the fiddler, knowing that his turn for work would soon come, was resting and refreshing himself well, until—incited thereto by the maidens who had donned their brightest gowns, and polished up their rosy cheeks until they shone like so many copper pans highly burnished—he began to tune his wheezy instrument, which was the signal for the younger men to jump to their feet, and shift the chairs and tables to one side of the room, or into out-of-the-way corners, so as to leave a clear space for the dancers—"people, who," as Charles Dickens puts it, "would dance and had no notion of walking."

Even the old men, with their pipes, in the chimney corner, or lounging on the "long settle," soon caught the infection, and laying down their "churchwardens," would join, with more vigour than discretion, in the mazes of the dance, making the already uncertain figures more uncertain and more perplexing still. Nor were the master and the mistress and their near friends and neighbours absent from this pronounced hilarity; they joined in the dance, as they had partaken of the supper, and before the party broke up their healths had to be drunk amid genuine good humour.

A writer in an old number of *Bentley's Miscellany* has left an amusing account of the closing ceremony of a Harvest Home supper in Wiltshire. A chair is placed in some convenient place, and each male guest has in turn to be seated in it. One of the company, with a mug of beer in his hand, then rises and sings:

Here's a health unto our maester, the vounder o' the veast;
I haups to God wi' all my heart, his soul in Heaven may rest:
And all his works may prosper, whatever he takes in hand,
For we are all his carvents, and all at his command.
Then drink, bwoys, drink, and zee that you do not spill,
For if you do, you shall drink two, vor tis our maester's will.

The man in the chair has to drink the mug of beer while the chorus is being sung, after which another man stands up, carrying a jug of beer to replenish the mug, and takes up his song thus:

A pie upon the pear-tree top, the pear-tree top, the pear-tree top,
A pie upon the pear-tree top, zing hey, bwoys, zing ho!
Vill un up a little vullen, vor I thinks a' looks quite empty,
And down let un go, let un go, an down let un go.

The mug is filled again, the seated man is forced to drink or to have the ale poured down his bosom; he has next to drink the health of the mistress to the accompaniment of another chorus, and then is let go to join the company. While his seat is being occupied by the next in turn, another chorus is sung,

Vill un up unto the brim, unto the brim, unto the brim,
And let your next neighbour joggle it in.

Zing hey, bwoys, zing ho.

And so the ceremony is repeated *de novo*, until all have undergone

the ordeal, or have been prevented by obvious reasons from p'aying their part.

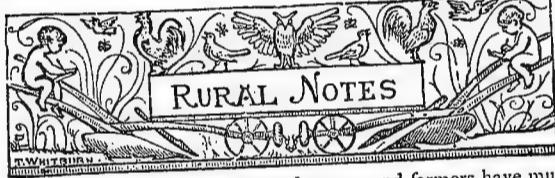
In some parts of Yorkshire the Harvest Home was known as the "Mell Supper"—Mell apparently meaning finished,—and the following doggerel, whose first line is suggestive of the very old carols used to be sung even until a few years ago:—

God bless the day that Christ was born,
For we have got mell of our maister's corn,
Well bund, but better shorn,
An all stooked, an' all
Mell, Mell, Mell.

Partly because harvest suppers have fallen into disuse, and partly from a growing desire to cultivate feelings of gratitude to Almighty God for the in-gathering of the harvest, Harvest Thanksgiving Services, accompanied more or less with some sort of refreshment for the body, and amusements, have now been established in most country parishes, and in many town ones as well. Perhaps the most perfect thing of the kind is Archdeacon Denison's Harvest Home at East Brent, which combines, in a manner, possibly unique, the old festivities of Harvest Home with the highest religious services. In many other cases there is merely a service, with appropriate hymns and anthems, in the parish church, and now also in many Dissenting chapels as well. The more usual form, however, and which lies between these two extremes, is to have, in addition to the service in the Church, a substantial tea, chiefly for, but not confined to, farmers and labourers, and some amusements, either outdoor and athletic, if the service be in the evening, or recreative and musical in the schoolroom or elsewhere, if the service be in the afternoon. There is much to be said in favour of such a Harvest Home, if it be carried out in a right spirit, and entered into heartily by the farmers and their workpeople, who are chiefly concerned in it, for it recognises the religious element without excluding the festive, and it checks intemperance while it provokes mirthful pleasure.

It is, however, much to be feared that of the hundreds of attempts made in this direction a very large number are failures. Too often the occasion is seized upon as a fitting opportunity for collecting a good sum of money to further some pet scheme of the incumbent's, and everything is subordinated to money-making to so great an extent that the *raison d'être* of the gathering is well nigh lost sight of altogether; as when people have their feelings harrowed up by sermons from blind clergymen, and concerts by blind children, to give point to an appeal for funds for a Blind Asylum. The object is in itself highly praiseworthy, but the combination is inharmonious—it is going in for the realistic in charitable begging, which might be carried to lengths more curious than nice, if appeals were similarly made on behalf of the hospitals for specific diseases, which happily and so beneficially have been established in London and many large towns.

Farmers are having a better time this year than they have had for some years past, but even in the worst of times they are always glad when their harvest—scanty though it may have been—is housed, and they will readily keep up the annual rejoicing, more or less definite, according as the season is good or bad, if they have any encouragement to do so. For a general parochial celebration of Harvest Home, including religious services, while it is desirable to encourage the giving of thank-offerings, it is needful before all things that the original object should not be overlaid by some charitable appeal, but that it should all through be distinctly manifest that the people have come together, not to have their feelings worked upon on behalf of some charity, but to rejoice because the harvest has been safely brought home.



THE ENGLISH HARVEST is nearly over, and farmers have much to be thankful for, although wheat is quite certainly under an average, and the barley is often discoloured. Strong land suffered severely from the heavy rainfall and low temperature of July, so that the deficiency therein is generally over 10 per cent.—what French authorities term a "medioce yield," but which English farmers, more disposed to grumble, denominate "a poor crop." There is a good deal of mildew all the way down from Yorkshire to Essex, through the Fens. Still the bulk of the wheat on the lighter soils is about an average yield, and the Miller, in an elaborate survey, estimates the total crop of the United Kingdom at about 9,350,000 qrs.; not so grave a deficiency on an acreage of some 2,750,000 acres only. Barley and oats appear to be full average crops, and there is a fair proportion of fine quality samples in both cases. With respect to wheat, the quality is better than that of last year, and it has been carried in better condition. The weight, too, is heavy, often 64 and 65 lbs. to the bushel.

THE SCOTCH HARVEST has already made considerable progress, and the wheat yield is expected to be almost an average. The quality of the grain is likely to be good, and the weight heavy, so that farmers who have grown wheat need no pity. Barley has benefited much by the fine August, and looks like a good yield, while oats have recovered most of the ground which they lost in July, and are now expected to be a full average yield. Potatoes are probably as fine a crop as Scotland has ever known, and the root crops, mangolds and swedes, seem to be doing well. Turnips will not be quite an average yield, but there is no general failure of this important crop, neither has the fly been extraordinarily frequent.

HOP PICKING last week was in active progress in Kent, and some 7,000 pickers had arrived from London. The tally ranges from six to ten bushels to the shilling, and the pickers seem comparatively well satisfied. The yield is large nearly everywhere, and 8 to 16 cwt. per acre has been obtained from most of the gardens which have as yet been picked. The terrible gale of Sunday did great damage, one garden in Kent of 300 acres having suffered an estimated loss of 3,000!. Most districts were wrecked by the storm.

RIDDING FIELDS OF SMUT.—Professor Bessey has recently been showing in his lectures how among the advantages of a rotation of crops is the ridding of the soil of fungous growths and insects, which, where the same crop is grown year after year, are certain to find easy means of subsistence. Smut, he says, grows up through the interior of a wheat plant, and finally develops its spores within the bran-casing of the grain, filling it with seeds of the parasite, which, set free, stick fast to sound grains of wheat, and also to particles of the soil, where they are ready to enter into the circulation of next year's wheat, unless killed by steeping the polluted seed in blue vitriol solution, and drying off with lime. The polluted soil is purified only by using it for some other crop on which the smut plant cannot take hold. Smut, in fact, although an extremely low form of vegetable growth, is still an organic vegetable, and may even be described as a parasitic weed.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.—Writing to the *Times* of Saturday, Mr. Kains-Jackson advocates the consolidation of the various petty agricultural exhibitions into nine representative groups, which, with the "Royal," would, he thinks, meet most wants of exhibitors. The first group is taken to be South-Western England, where the Bath Society is already of pre-eminent importance. The Home Counties form the second group; East Anglia the third, and so forth. The grouping is based not only on county divisions, but also

takes into consideration the local prevalence of various breeds. Thus the Devon cattle predominate in Cornwall, Dorset, and Somerset, as well as Devon, while the Oxfordshire Down sheep are not only met with on the Oxfordshire Downs, but are favourites throughout the Southern Midlands.

CATTLE DISEASE is unfortunately spreading instead of diminishing. Fresh outbreaks are reported in Northamptonshire, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Kent. We are also informed that disease has broken out amongst the cattle in Hawarden Castle Park, and that a number of cows and sheep are under treatment. Twenty-three shorthorns on the Kimbolton pastures have been attacked. A bad outbreak at Crewe among the cattle imported from Ireland has paralysed the Irish import trade, Scotland and Cheshire having prohibited all imports from Ireland, and Lancashire, it is rumoured, will follow suit. In Ireland the disease is increasing most seriously, 1,829 animals having been attacked in a single week by foot-and-mouth disease, while pneumonia is also very general, and there is scarcely a county in the island where swine-fever does not prevail. Meanwhile, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and one result of Irish disease and home losses has been to largely increase the trade between England and Denmark. The principal ports are Newcastle on this side, and on the Danish side, Aalborg and Frederikshavn.

RECENT SHEEP AND LAMB SALES have been remarkable for very good prices. Dorsets, Shropshires, Southdowns, Oxfords, Hampshires all have made high rates for their respective kinds. The Hampshire Down ewes of the Fonthill flock have made 8/- 4/- per head, while Lord Pembroke's ewes have brought 5/- 2s. per head. The ram lambs of the leading flocks have let as high as 60 and 70 guineas per head. Oxfordshire Downs have largely been bought for exportation to Germany. There was sold in Gloucester Market last week a pen of lambs at 58s. 6d. each, served by a Shropshire ram of Mr. Riley's, of Riley Court, Hereford. They were descended from Shropshire ewes upon which the cross of a Cotswold ram had been used. At Colchester, on Saturday, Mr. William Page, of Colchester, sold to Mr. Makens, of Kingshall, 500 ewes for 2,000/-, or just 4/- each. This is the highest price ever made for 500 ewes in Colchester market.

HALCYON DAYS have come a little before the season when old Greek legend would bid us expect them. On the 26th August a correspondent was so fortunate as to see a kingfisher flitting over the water in St. James's Park. The occurrence seems very exceptional, yet we believe there have been several previous records of kingfishers seen in the London parks. This may partly be set down to the number of persons passing at all hours, so that no single case is likely to have been overlooked. Bitterns are rare enough even in the fens, but not every bittern is observed and reported to the London press. The Regent's Park Canal has been visited by kingfishers quite recently, so we are informed.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Seeing how great is the influence which can be exerted by the Duke of Westminster, Sir Richard Wyatt, and other great landlords in Cheshire, it may be as well to express our hope that the Royal Society will not be politely coerced into holding their 1885 meeting at Chester. Despite the "large and influential" meetings at which they have been invited to do so, they should remember that they have to divide their attentions over all England. In 1883 they met at York, in 1884 they meet at Shrewsbury. Chester is too near both these places for its fair turn to come in 1885. The county of Shropshire actually adjoins Cheshire, and the Cheshire exhibits will doubtless find their way to the Shrewsbury Show. Cheshire may be jealous of the honour to be accorded to Shropshire in 1884, but the South, the East, the Midlands, and the Home Counties have all to be considered by the Royal Society, and a set of Exhibitions at York, Shrewsbury, and Chester in 1883, 1884, and 1885, would look too like a localisation of a Society which should distribute its favours as widely as possible.

THE IRISH NATIONAL HORSE SHOW just held has been the largest ever recorded as taking place in Ireland. The number of horses shown was 756. We wish we could say that the quality of the exhibits was equal to the number. The aged hunters were, however, distinctly a poor lot, and there was but little merit in the agricultural horses shown. The young hunters, however, included several animals of much promise, and the ponies were very fair. The Irish National Show is drawing year by year away from the fairs. It especially competes with Ballinasloe. The attendance of visitors is very large, and this year the Show Yard at Balls Bridge was extremely thronged. On the opening day all previous "first" day records were easily surpassed. A well-arranged Show Yard contributed greatly to the convenience and pleasure of visitors to the Show. The principal prize winners were Mr. A. Home, of Kilkenny, Mr. MacMahon, of Monaghan, Mr. Donovan, of Cork, and Mr. O'Malley, of Raheny.

THE NEW AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS ACT (says Lord Borthwick) must have the effect of making owners of land see the propriety of undertaking themselves to directly provide the means for adding by "improvements" to the products of the soil. The immediate need would be the encouragement of a class of men fit and willing to take the management of land on a fixed salary, with a commission on results of capital other than their own. Lord Borthwick thinks that the democratic notion of a joint proprietorship in land between owner and occupier would never work. We entirely agree in this opinion, and our only hope in the present ferment over land law reform is that out of democratic stewards may come the resuscitation of that most Conservative of classes, the English yeoman. Not seldom does fate play these tricks with the makers of change.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Cheshire farmers have suffered from an extraordinary plague of insects on their mangolds. Whence the pest came no one can say. All that is known is that as soon as the young plants appeared they were attacked by insects, and the fields were soon almost as bare as though no roots were in the ground.—There has been a good show of fruit and dahlias at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.—Mr. James Howard, M.P., writes to the Standard to express his respect for the landlords as a class, and to protest that, were he a tenant farmer, "long experience and observation would lead me to desire to live upon the estate of one of the old families of England"—say, one of the Lowthers.

PRICES AND PRODUCE.—A curious illustration of the way in which farm management is affected by price appears in the growing influence of the cheapening of sugar and gradual increase in the value of butter. The price which butter commands in England is gradually extending the import of it from all the Northern European countries, where the price has already so far risen that the poor get less and less butter to eat. Its place is taken by sweet food. England now exports treacle to the Baltic on a very large scale, and the peasants of Scandinavia eat far more treacle and jam than they did ten years ago. The same tendency is to be noted in Scotland, where the labouring classes are "going in for" jam in way which causes the grocer's heart to rejoice. The growth of currants, gooseberries, strawberries, and raspberries is becoming more and more a part of farm produce. Landowners are borrowing money for the establishment of fruit plantations, and life-holders of land are seeking the sanction of the Land Commissioners for placing expenditure of this kind as a charge upon their estates. We do not know what the political economist would say if it were suggested to him that in shipping English treacle and jam to the Baltic, and in receiving Scandinavian butter in exchange, the shipping trade is enriched at the cost of the consumers, who would on either side save something by keeping to their own butter and treacle respectively, by producing it in their own countries.

LEGAL

LORD COLERIDGE has been spending the last few days in the charming scenery of the White Mountains, New Hampshire. His inability to accept the invitations of the Canadian Bar has caused much disappointment and some little soreness in the Dominion.

SOME VERY SINGULAR CREDITORS put in an appearance in the Sheffield Bankruptcy Court last week, at the public examination of Mr. John Unwin, a cutlery manufacturer of that town. They were the subscribers to the Tara Trust Fund, of which Mr. Unwin, a member of the Anglo-Israel Society for the Discovery of the Lost Ten Tribes, was trustee, and had raised among them 227/- for the purpose of excavating the Hill of Tara in County Meath, where they firmly believed the purchase-deeds of the Land of Palestine given to the Prophet Jeremiah are buried. The money is said to have been invested in forty shares in Rogers and Unwin (Limited), now undergoing liquidation.

ANOTHER SAVAGE AFFRAY WITH BURGLARS, in which a policeman received injuries to the head which may probably prove fatal, occurred on Saturday night at Catford Bridge. A house, the owner of which had given notice to the police that it would be left unprotected during his absence in the country, was visited as usual by the double patrol. Finding that the lock had been tampered with, and hearing footsteps within, the constables agreed to separate, one to guard the front, the other to watch the rear of the building. As the latter was making his way through a narrow passage he met a man with whom he grappled, when he was struck twice from

behind with a force which rendered him unconscious. His companion, who was ignorant of what had happened till apprised by a girl, hastening to the rear found a packet of plated spoons and forks upon the ground, and a large jemmy turned up at the end, and very sharp, which the burglar had evidently used as a weapon. Full descriptions of the men have been furnished by a woman who saw them hanging about the place on Friday, and by a signalman at Catford, who noticed two men evidently much flurried jump into the 11.14 P.M. train on Saturday for London. All householders leaving their houses without protection have been requested to give notice to the police, and it is said that measures will be taken to enable isolated constables to cope on better terms with burglarious assailants.

DISCHARGED WITH A CAUTION, in consideration of his previous good character, was the decision of easy-going Sir Thomas Owden in the case of Henry Charles Bunnett, a printer charged with forming one of the crowd who, as the resources of telegraphy have developed, throng, every afternoon, the pavement of Fleet Street to learn from hour to hour the result of minor races from the tape in the windows of the sporting news offices. The crowd, it is true, is fairly well-mannered and still conscious that it is there on sufferance, and so does not obstruct pedestrians unnecessarily, preferring to stand in the roadway and trust itself to the mercies of sympathetic cabmen. But busy workers, who hear the noisy hum all day and every day with dismal iteration, will think after all that the good Alderman might deal more in fines and less in cautions.

MUCH EXERCISED at the insistence of School Board teachers on the preparation of lessons out of school hours at home, the people of Bradford engaged Mr. Newton Rhodes to take counsel's opinion on the subject, and the result has been decidedly satisfactory to the non-contents. Teachers, say counsel, are expressly forbidden by the Act of 1875 to work children out of school hours, and those who visit disobedience with corporal or other forcible punishment render themselves liable to a summons for an assault or, if the case be very grave, to an indictment.

AN INQUEST was opened last Saturday by Dr. Diplock, on the body of the girl Howe, who had died of the injuries received in jumping out of a window on to the terrace, at the recent fire in Southall Park Asylum. Some remarkable evidence was given as to the absence of any watch over the building at night and of proper provision for escape in case of fire, and the inquiry was finally adjourned for a week, in order that the Commissioners in Lunacy may send some one to explain the regulations under which licenses are granted by them.

A NEW FORM OF THE OATH difficulty caused some delay in the hearing of a case last week before the Nottingham magistrates. The principal witness, a Roman Catholic young lady of seventeen, refused point-blank to be sworn upon a Protestant Bible, or even to hold it in her hand while making an affirmation in lieu of an oath. It was vain labour to assure her that her Bishop, Dr. Hyne, had repeatedly been sworn upon the same Bible, and the case eventually had to be adjourned in order that a Douay Bible might be procured from the Bishop.

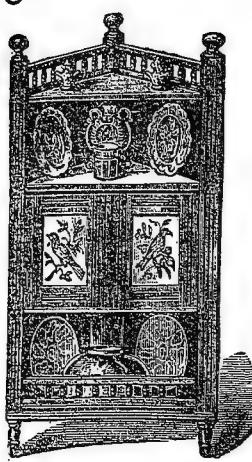
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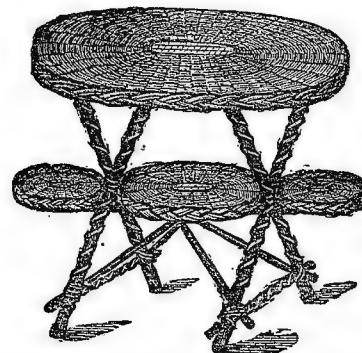
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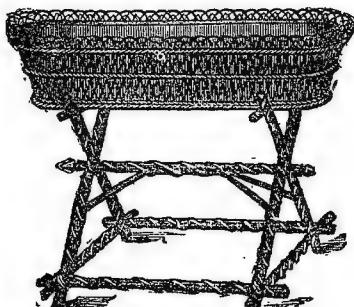


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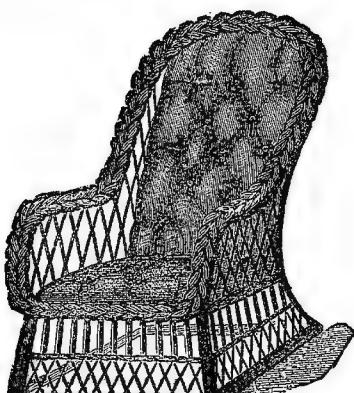
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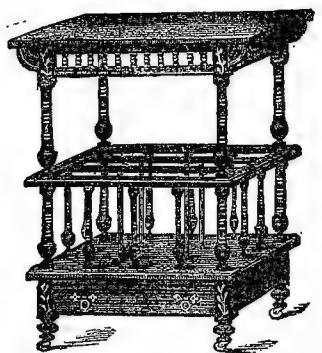
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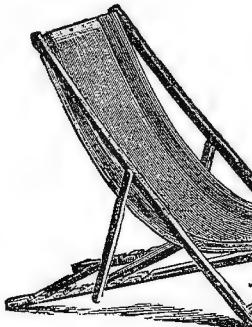
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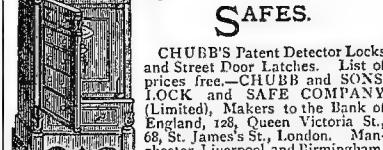
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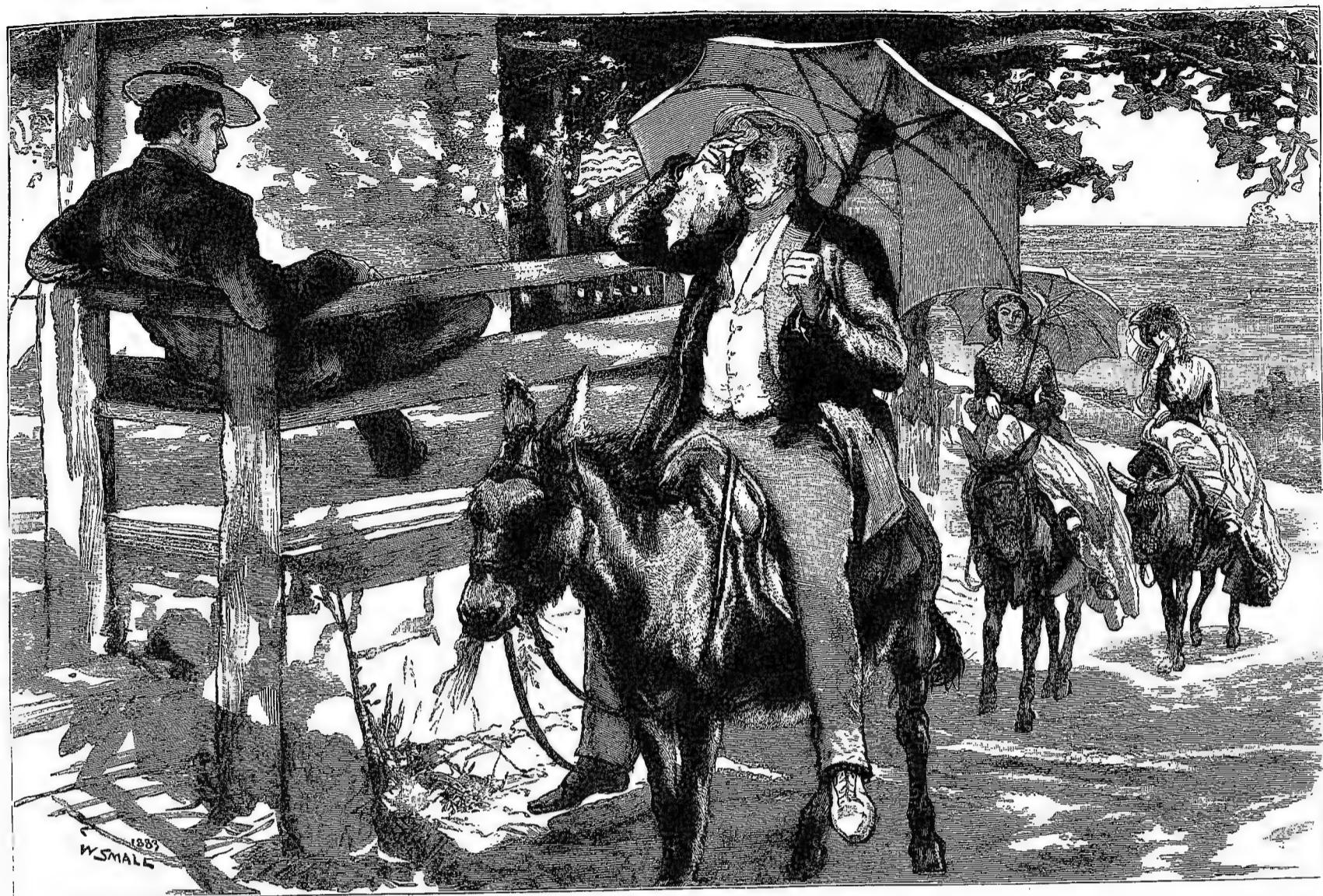
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CRUELTY TO CATS at the END



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Three more figures came into view, one by one.

THIRLYBY HALL

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

TAORMINA

A WORLDLY-WISE old lady, who deals in epigrammatic axioms, said to me the other day, "A woman who wants to have admirers, and keep them, should take care never to finish her sentences." This art—if art it be—was undoubtedly one of which Lady Constance Milner possessed the secret. In her words and actions there was a dash of the mysterious, an apparent inconsequence, which stimulated curiosity, and led people who might not otherwise have felt any absorbing interest in her to dog her footsteps in a somewhat undignified manner. When a lady is your intimate friend one day, turns you away from her door the next, and crosses the street on the third to make a rendezvous with you, she naturally presents herself to you in the light of a problem; and, if you are a person of orderly mind, you do not like to pass problems by without making at least an attempt to solve them.

This was what I said to myself as I rode through the gates of Catania in the early morning. I wanted to know what it all meant; I had a perfectly legitimate desire to hear the answer to the riddle. The simple explanation that Lady Constance liked admirers, and knew how to secure them, was not one that recommended itself to me at that unsuspecting age. Only I felt it necessary to my mental satisfaction that I should be able to give myself a distinct reason for what I was doing; because, upon the face of it, it did seem rather absurd that I should have risen from my bed with the lark, and set off on a twenty-mile ride in order to keep an appointment which, as I very well knew, Lady Constance, for her part, was quite capable of forgetting.

I would not, however, allow my mind to dwell on the latter painful possibility; I preferred to take it for granted that all would happen for the best in the best of worlds. The small patch of the world over which I was riding on that clear spring morning was, indeed, lovely enough to put the most relentless pessimist to silence. The sun's rays fell astern upon the white high-road, upon the ripening corn-fields, upon the dark-green glossy leaves and golden fruit of the orange-groves; but in the folds of the hills the morning mists still lingered, drawing a pale blue gauze over the chestnut woods, above which towered the shaggy shoulders and glistening snows of Etna. The black-browed Sicilian peasants—a merry, stunted, half-starved race, bearing in their persons the mark of centuries of misrule, and upon their faces no symptom of any discontent therewith—threw me a familiar *buon giorno* as I jogged along; every now and again one of the gaily-painted carts peculiar to the island rattled past me, or a bare-legged boy, driving his herd of goats before him and blowing his shrill pipe, as in the days of old Theocritus, paused to lift a pair of startled brown eyes upon the stranger. The azure Mediterranean, heaving sleepily, made murmuring among the rocks and headlands where Acis wooed Galatea, where Polyphemus pastured his flocks, and where, as I am told, the shriek of the railway-engine is now to be heard several

times a day. At that time there was no talk of railways, nor perhaps much knowledge of their existence, in Sicily. The ancient classic island seemed to have been forgotten by our bustling century; and in the soft, sensuous repose of those early hours one could almost expect to

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

My route lay along the highway to Messina, which skirted the coast, and which would have been a pleasanter road to travel if it had not been quite so stony and dusty. I was only able to quit it when my journey was nearly at an end, and when I turned aside to scale the heights upon which the village of Taormina stands. My rough little pony had not struck me as a very promising mount when I hired him; but he accomplished his six or seven miles an hour without inconveniencing himself, and the consequence was that I reached my destination long before noon. I stabled my horse, and, seating myself under the verandah of the inn, looked out upon a view of which readers shall be spared any detailed description.

I sat gazing at this marvellous prospect for an hour or so; and then I regret to say that it began to pall upon me. I was hot, I was tired, I was hungry, and when the sun had reached a point directly above my head, I became wrathful into the bargain. In vain I strained my ears and my eyes; there was not the faintest indication of approaching travellers, and the only crumb of consolation that I could discover to set against the bitterness of my disappointment was in the thought that at least George Warren need never know what an ass I had made of myself. However, just as I had given up all hope, and had made up my mind to go indoors and devour any food that I could lay hands upon, a scrambling noise, as of hoofs, made itself heard, and immediately the imposing figure of Antonio, astride upon a donkey, appeared on the stony track beneath me. Behind him three more figures, similarly mounted, came into view, one by one: first Mr. Sotheran, holding up a white sun umbrella, and mopping his manly brow; then Mrs. Gilbert, a pretty little brunette, who was believed to have a husband in India, or some other remote spot; finally, Lady Constance herself, yawning as usual.

Mr. Sotheran dismounted slowly, shook hands with me, and then directed attention to the landscape before him with a circular sweep

of his arm, as who should say, "Very creditable indeed." If he had not been rather out of breath, he might even have put this sentiment into words; for it was his conviction that the entire Continent of Europe was a sort of show got up, with more or less of success, for the benefit of British tourists. He was a large, heavy man of about fifty, with a broad, ruminating countenance, iron-grey whiskers, a pompous manner, and a white waistcoat. At that moment he was suffering a good deal from the heat.

Mrs. Gilbert, who affected a childish vivacity of manner which, if I remember rightly, went out of fashion at about the same time as ringlets, clapped her hands, and informed me that she felt as if she were in Heaven. She really must get out her sketch-book at once. "Now, Mr. Maxwell, will you find me some nice shady place from which I shall be able to see *everything!*"

"I don't know what other people may be going to do," Lady Constance said; "but I don't mean to stir from this spot until I have had something to eat."

To which Mr. Sotheran replied cordially, "Just so, Lady Constance, just so. I quite agree with you."

So Antonio unpacked the luncheon-basket, and the people of the inn brought us out wine and salad and a pair of skinny chickens, and soon a mellow calm descended upon the souls of us all. The only thing that disturbed me a little was that I could not see how I was to get Lady Constance away from her companions, in whose presence it was impossible to say all that I wanted to say; nor was she apparently disposed to give me the desired opportunity. When, after luncheon, we climbed up to the ruins of the Greek theatre above the village, she chose to walk on in front with Mrs. Gilbert, leaving Mr. Sotheran and me to entertain one another, which we did with mutual ill-will. I don't think Mr. Sotheran honoured me so far as to consider me a possible rival; but he must often have found me very much in the way at Naples, and I am bound to confess that I had neglected no chance of making myself disagreeable to him.

The half-forgotten race which once colonised the hill-promontory of Taurominum were surely the envy of their more famous and wealthy neighbours on the sea-board. Dwelling on those serene heights, secured by Nature against attack, and removed from the din and bustle of commerce, what can they have had to do through all their sunny days but to cultivate refinement, and enjoy the good things so lavishly provided for them by the gods? They are gone into infinite space—they and their history; but their great open-air theatre is hardly to be called a ruin even now. Many of the slender columns are broken, it is true, and the semi-circular tiers of seats are overgrown with grass and wild-flowers and brushwood; but the clear, dry atmosphere has preserved the brickwork and the chiselling of the capitals almost intact, and imagination is called upon for no great effort to see the building as it used to be before Vandal, Saracen, and Norman came to disturb the old world's peace.

Standing upon what had been the topmost row of places, with the glittering Straits of Messina at his back, and the panorama of

ea, plain, and mountain, closed in by Etna, before him, Mr. Sotheran cleared his voice, referred to his guide-book, and said what the occasion appeared to call for. Nobody paid much attention to the historical sketch with which he was so kind as to favour us; but when he wound up by observing, "These constructions must have possessed remarkable acoustic properties. It is difficult to understand how an audience seated where we are now can have heard the voices of the actors on the stage—" when, I say, he reached this point in his discourse, Lady Constance broke in upon him with a certain animation.

"Very difficult indeed!" she said. "In fact I can hardly believe such a thing possible. Suppose we were to test it? Won't you just go down to the stage, Mr. Sotheran, and recite something? And then, when you have done, we can tell you whether you were audible or not."

Mr. Sotheran made an ugly face. "I should be delighted," he said; "but—well, the distance is considerable, and, after having climbed up here once—"

"But nothing obliges you to climb up here again."

"No, no; of course not; very true. I was only going to suggest that Mr. Maxwell is a younger man."

"Mr. Maxwell," answered Lady Constance gravely, "is quite incapable of recitation. Probably he has never made so much as an after-dinner speech in his life; whereas you, who are in the habit of addressing large bodies of your constituents, must understand perfectly well how to manage your voice in the open air. And surely, Mr. Sotheran," she added, raising her eyes and surveying him with a look of wonder, "you cannot be so old as you make yourself out. At least not infirm."

This unkind thrust touched the poor man in a tender place. He answered, in a tone of some displeasure, that he had not intended to imply anything of that sort, and set off, without making any further objections, to obey orders. We heard him scrambling down from ledge to ledge: presently he emerged upon the grass-grown stage, struck an attitude, and in a stentorian bellow began Hamlet's soliloquy.

"To be or not to be?" he shouted. I don't know that he was more ridiculous than any other man, with a tall white hat in one hand and a sun-umbrella in the other, would have been in such a situation; but it must be supposed that the incongruity of the spectacle was too much for Lady Constance; for she appeared to be quite overcome by it. She allowed him to get through three or four lines, and then broke into peal after peal of the heartiest, most unrestrained laughter—a thing that I had never known her do before in the whole course of our acquaintance. Her merriment infected me, so that I too burst out into a loud guffaw, while pretty little Mrs. Gilbert lowered her parasol and tittered behind it, without, perhaps, knowing very well what the joke was. The "remarkable acoustic properties" of the ruin did not fail to convey these cheerful sounds to the ears of the unfortunate souter below. He stopped short, put on his hat, and stalked away with an air of offended majesty.

"Please go after him, Mrs. Gilbert," said Lady Constance, as soon as she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak. "The proper place for you to take your sketch from is the castle; and if you will say something civil to poor Mr. Sotheran, he will fetch water and rub your paints and do anything else that may be required of him. As for me, I think I had better stay where I am for the present, and follow you when he has had time to cool down."

"Oh, Lady Constance, I should never dare!" Mrs. Gilbert protested. "I am sure he is dreadfully angry. And besides," added the little lady, with an arch look, "I don't think he cares very much about hearing civil words from me."

"That," replied Lady Constance, composedly, "is a question about which there may be two opinions. My own opinion is that Mr. Sotheran is one of those deplorably wicked persons who care a great deal about civil words from any pretty woman, married or single."

Mrs. Gilbert, with a little scream, declared that, under these circumstances, she couldn't think of following Mr. Sotheran. Notwithstanding which, she made up her mind to run the risk without much additional persuasion, and departed, after entreating us to come and interrupt the *tête-à-tête* very soon. Mrs. Gilbert considered herself to be an irresistible flirt, and, for anything I know to the contrary, may have had good grounds for holding that opinion.

"Ah, well!" said Lady Constance, as soon as we were alone, "it was very amusing. Did you ever see a man look such a stupendous fool?"

"Upon my word, I think you were rather hard upon the poor beggar," I could not help saying.

"It is wholesome discipline for him to be laughed at," she answered, calmly. "Also, I wanted to get rid of him, and there was no hope of doing that in any other way than by offending him. I shall make friends with him again this evening."

"You often do want to get rid of people, don't you?" I asked.

"Very often."

"And are they always ready to come back when you want to make friends with them again?"

"Always."

There was a quiet smile upon her lips, as she made this statement, that provoked me into saying, rather rudely: "Well, I know one man who would very soon get tired of being slapped in the face."

"Then why should he expose himself to the risk of such an indignity?"

"If I exposed myself to it, it was not intentionally, I can assure you," cried I. "How could I guess that, after allowing me to spend the best part of every day with you at Naples, you would refuse to receive me at Palermo?"

"Mr. Maxwell," said Lady Constance, turning her head towards me, and looking at me from beneath her drooping eyelids, "do I owe you any account of my actions?"

"Yes," I answered boldly; "I think you do. One doesn't pick up friends and throw them away without giving a reason for it. I never asked for your friendship—"

"Indeed?" she interrupted. "I was under the impression that you had asked for it rather imperatively."

"Well, at all events, you gave it to me; and I want to know why you withdrew it so suddenly."

"If there is anything else that you would like to know," said Lady Constance, "I hope you will kindly mention it. Once for all, Mr. Maxwell, if you really care about my friendship, you must be content to take me as I am, and not to catechise me. Nothing is so wearisome as explanations; and, with the best will in the world, I should often find it difficult to explain my conduct. For the matter of that, I doubt whether you could always give a rational account of your own, if called upon. Now, shall I tell you something that will put you in high good humour? When I found that you had left Palermo in a huff, I organised this expedition for the express purpose of catching you up, and obtaining your gracious pardon. Are you pleased?"

Truth compels me to state that I was ridiculously pleased, and doubtless my speaking countenance expressed as much to my companion; for she remarked, with a slight laugh, "Ah, I thought that would be satisfactory. Satisfactory for the moment, I mean; because the day will probably come when you will know me better, and will regret very much that I didn't let you go about your business."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" I asked.

"Should I have said it if I had expected you to believe it? No; I don't expect you to believe it. Who ever believes the truth? It is the one incredible thing—the one unattainable thing—the one thing worth living for! You and I both worship truth in our different fashions, and neither of us will ever do more than catch a glimpse of it; but you are more fortunate than I, because you will probably be satisfied with seeing a part, whereas I want to see the whole. After all, perhaps the best way is not to think about it. We are sitting up here in the sunshine, you and I, and we are alive now and shall soon be dead; that, at any rate, is a truth that can't be disputed. In a few years we shall have turned to dust, as the people who built this theatre two thousand years ago and more have turned to dust; and then all our thoughts perish. Why can't we take life as I told you just now to take my friendship, without asking tiresome questions about it?"

She had dropped these sentences one by one, with a pause between each, gazing dreamily at the distant hills, and evidently only putting fragments of what was passing in her mind into words. I could not quite follow her; I was unable to fill up the blanks; I certainly was not conscious of having ever asked myself questions, tiresome or otherwise, about the meaning of life. But it was pleasant to lie there in the still, warm air and listen to her.

"Let us enjoy the fleeting hour," she went on; "it won't last long. To descend to details; you will be trotting back to Catania before the sun sets, and I shall be discussing politics with Mr. Sotheran, and pretending to believe that he knows what he is talking about."

Her words, and still more her tone, were full of flattering inferences. At times I was a little afraid of Lady Constance; but at this moment I felt that I might say anything to her; and what I said was: "I hope—I do most earnestly hope—that you won't marry that man Sotheran."

"I also hope that I shall not," she answered coolly; "but one can't tell what events the future may bring to pass. If you are going to talk about Mr. Sotheran, I am afraid I shall not enjoy the fleeting hour at all."

"I don't want to talk about him," said I. "I don't want to think about him. I would a thousand times rather talk about anybody else. About you, for instance."

"About me?" repeated Lady Constance abstractedly. "Well, to be sure, it is a subject upon which you haven't acquired much information as yet. I wonder whether it would interest you to hear a little more of what I am and have been."

"I can't conceive anything that would interest me more!" I exclaimed. "You don't mind telling me, do you?"

"No," she answered; "I don't mind telling you."

Was it imagination, or was there an inflection of tenderness in her voice and the faintest possible emphasis laid upon the last word? To me, at all events, it appeared that I could detect some such change of tone; and the effect of it was to make my heart beat and my breath come and go more quickly.

It was the story of her life that she began to relate; a story not differing in the main from that with which I was already acquainted, though, as was but natural, somewhat differently told; the story of an eager, enthusiastic girl, with high aspirations, with unsatisfied yearnings, with great powers of which she was conscious, but could find no means of exercising; of a husband who had died young, yet had lived long enough to chill and disappoint her; the story of a restless, half-disenchanted woman, who had tried in various ways to set a crooked world straight, and was trying still, though no longer with much hope of success. She spoke with a good deal of earnestness; sometimes with a touch of emotion. It was a singular autobiography and confession that she unfolded, as she sat there among the ruins in the mellow sunlight—an appeal for sympathy; a sort of creed; a vague system of philosophy—I don't know what strange jumble of ambition and benevolence and cynicism and superstition. I cannot recall all that she said; probably, if I could, it would not be worth recalling. What I can recall, as vividly as though the experience were one of yesterday, is the extraordinary impression that it produced upon me. What I can recall is that, while she was talking, a new Lady Constance seemed to become revealed to me, and that, with that revelation, came the further and, as it appeared to me, the terrible one that all my heart and soul had passed into her power. What I do recall with humiliation and shame is that, when she ceased speaking, I caught her cool, white hand and pressed it fervently to my lips. I knew what I was doing; I knew that I was false to Maud, false to my duty, false to myself; but I did it all the same. And to this day I believe that I did it in obedience to a force which I was powerless to resist.

All this, I have no doubt, sounds sufficiently fanciful and exaggerated. Treacheries such as that to which I have just been obliged to plead guilty are of daily occurrence, and, upon the whole, most people are disposed to contemplate them with a lenient smile. A young fellow who has plighted his troth to a girl hundreds of miles away finds himself, on a sunny afternoon, in the midst of exquisite scenery, alone with a handsome woman who talks a pack of metaphysical rubbish to him, and he forgets himself and kisses her hand. Of course he ought not to do such things; but human nature is human nature, and we were all young once, and what is the use of making mountains out of molehills? Nevertheless, I do not pass among my friends for a fanciful man. I say that, in making that mute declaration to Lady Constance, I felt as morally degraded as if I had forged a cheque; and when I assert that, in thus degrading myself, I was moved by an overpowering influence which I cannot define, I believe I am keeping strictly within the domain of facts. Mesmerism and electro-biology are facts, I suppose. No one, at this time of day, will dispute the capacity possessed by certain men and women of imposing their will upon others. Whether Lady Constance Milner imposed her will upon me that day voluntarily or involuntarily I cannot feel certain; but that some influence out of the common was brought to bear upon me I am firmly convinced.

There was no need for any words to pass between us. I said nothing, and she, for her part, only looked at me—a trifle compassionately, as I thought—and remarked, "Ah! I warned you of what would happen." And then Mr. Sotheran, accompanied by Mrs. Gilbert, appeared in the arena beneath us, and shouted out that it was high time to start.

"I suppose you will let me come and see you at Palermo now," I said, as we rose and prepared to scramble down from that fatal eminence.

Lady Constance had resumed her ordinary demeanour. "Oh, yes, if you like," she answered indifferently. "That is, of course. Why should you not come?" But when we had accomplished about half the descent, she paused, and said in an altered tone: "Blame fate; don't blame me. I have done the best I could to keep you from coming to grief like this; but I knew from the first that it would be useless. The very first day that I saw you at Alassio I felt that your life was destined to make a mark upon mine."

So that, if she had electro-biologicalised me, it appeared that I had unwittingly done something of the same kind to her. I had a dreary little laugh over the absurdity of the notion as I followed her down to the grassy spot where Mrs. Gilbert and her sketch-book were waiting for us, Mr. Sotheran having carried his offended dignity away to the inn.

But when I said farewell to the company at Giadini, where they had left their carriage, and had turned my horse's head once more towards Catania, I did not feel inclined to laugh at all. Was I in love with Lady Constance? I could not have answered the question any more than I could have said why so insignificant a circumstance

as the kissing of a woman's hand should have raised a barrier between me and Maud Dennison which I felt to be insurmountable and eternal. I don't remember to have once considered the possibility of my ever marrying Lady Constance; all that I knew was that I was bound to her, that she would be able to dispose of me thenceforth in any way that she might think fit, that I had destroyed all my old hopes to put in their place something that was not so much a hope as a necessity. In spite of all the warnings that I had received, in spite of all my self-confidence, I had been captured as surely as ever Ulysses was captured by Circe. When I thought of this, I almost hated Lady Constance; though the next moment I reflected that, after all, it was no fault of hers. Since I had parted with my self-respect for her sake, surely the least I could do was to try and preserve my respect for her; and, indeed, she had given me no reason to accuse her of having made me her slave out of mere wantonness.

I rode back to Catania in such a condition of bewilderment that there were moments when I almost doubted my own identity; and if anything could have added to my wretchedness, it would have been the sight of George Warren standing in front of the hotel and anxiously awaiting my arrival. "Gracious goodness!" thought I to myself, "what is to be done now? Shall I tell the truth, or let him find it out? Find it out he certainly must before long; for even he won't be able to help noticing that something is the matter."

As it turned out, however, he noticed nothing. He ran down the steps to me with the beaming countenance of one who bears glad tidings, and began to tell me his news before I was out of the saddle. "There's a letter for you from Mr. Le Marchant; and I have heard too. He wants us to go back to England at once. It seems that there are likely to be vacancies in the Diplomatic Service very soon, and he thinks you ought to lose no time in putting yourself in the hands of a crammer. I came on here to tell you about it; and if we start to-morrow morning, we shall be in plenty of time to catch the next steamer from Palermo to Marseilles."

George was radiant. I asked him why this sudden curtailment of our journey gave him so much pleasure, and he replied that he supposed everybody was glad to go home. Years afterwards I heard that he had taken upon himself to write to my uncle, advising my removal from the peril of Lady Constance's enchantments, and that this excellent pretext for our recall, coming just in the nick of time, had gladdened his honest heart more than any prospect of embracing his multitudinous brothers and sisters again would have done.

As for me, I was certainly not glad to be going home, for the bare thought of meeting Maud made my heart turn cold; and yet I was by no means sorry to be leaving Sicily. Not that I had the least hope that change of scene would effect any change of mind in me; but I felt that it would be a relief to get away, and accustom myself to the altered order of things. "However despicable a creature one may be, one can't be off with the old love and on with the new in the course of a few hours," I thought.

George made no inquiries about my excursion to Taormina, nor did I think it necessary to tell him what he had probably divined already, that I had met Lady Constance there. We had other things to do and talk about; we had our packing to accomplish; and when we reached Palermo there were old examination-papers to be overhauled, and numerous presents to be purchased for the households of Warren and Le Marchant. If my melancholy and crestfallen mien did not escape George's observation, he was forbearing enough to ask for no explanation of it.

We had only one clear day at Palermo; and in the afternoon I, of course, went downstairs to say good-bye to Lady Constance, whose return, as I had heard, had taken place only a few hours before our own on the previous day. I found her drawing-room full of visitors, and she received the intelligence which I brought her as I had known that she would receive it, quite unconcernedly. Before so many strangers nothing but commonplaces could be exchanged; but when I rose to take leave of my hostess, she rose too, and with that calm disregard of conventionality which distinguished her from the rest of the world, accompanied me to the landing, where Antonia was as usual on guard. She sent him away upon I forgot what errand, and as soon as he was gone, asked abruptly—

"Have you strength of mind enough to retreat, or has your uncle really sent for you?"

"My uncle has really sent for me, and I have no strength of mind at all," I answered gloomily.

"Well, well," she rejoined, with a short laugh, "strength of mind, or a capital substitute for it, will come to you, if you have patience and wait."

"Will you write to me?" I asked, after a momentary hesitation.

"No," answered she; "I never write letters except on matters of business. But we shall meet again before we are much older."

She held out her hand to me as she spoke, and for the second time I raised it to my lips. And without more words we parted. I did not even ask her when or where our next meeting was to take place, so sure was I that there could be no escaping the mysterious fate to which she had made allusion.

While I was standing pensively on the landing, George came running downstairs. "Have you been bidding a fond farewell to our eccentric friend?" he asked briskly. "I suppose I ought just to look in and pay my respects."

And shortly afterwards he came into my room to say that he had done his duty, and had found Lady Constance in one of her most unapproachable moods. "There were lots of people in the room; but she didn't introduce me to any of them or take the trouble to say a word to me herself; so that I spent a very uncomfortable five minutes. However, I was so glad to think that that was the last I should see of her that I didn't care twopenny about her incivility."

(To be continued)



THIS is one of the most delightful months of the year at the seaside, and at the same time one of the most troublesome as far as regards what to wear; for the dullest morning, when we are led to put on a warm dress, often becomes intensely hot at noonday, followed by a damp, foggy evening. Many of our young readers will find themselves with white or cream costumes, trimmed with lace, bows, and satin, which look faded and tumbled, and yet are not very dirty, excepting on the surface. These costumes may be thus utilised for seaside wear: Take off all the trimming, have the dress dry-cleaned, and trim it with velvet or very good velveteen. We will suppose that the denuded bodice and skirt are quite plain. First put on a new lining to the hem, as it is sure to be limp, and probably frayed; next a box-pleated or kilted flounce of golden brown, fir green, or electric blue, the darkest shade, velvet; above that a tunic scarf of velvet, arranged in small folds, edged on both sides with black Spanish lace; cut away the front of the bodice, about six inches across, and wear under it a velvet waistcoat, either buttoned to the throat and finished at the waist with deep tabs, or made double-breasted to show a cream Surah silk chemisette, gathered into a narrow velvet band at the throat. With this may be worn a small bonnet, of the shape known as the Anne Boleyn, which fits close to the head, made of velvet, Surah and lace, with a

fancy wing; or a Leghorn hat, trimmed with velvet and fruit, or flowers. Ostrich feathers should always be avoided at the seaside, as the slightest fog destroys their beauty, and makes them look draggled.

Some of the new colours for autumn wear are very pretty. We saw some Scotch tweeds, most exquisitely soft in texture, in what is called smoked grey, green, stone, or blue; the prefix exactly describes the toned-down effect produced. A pretty woollen material is called "Dinwoodie Stripe." It is made in every dark rich colour, in two patterns: one in fine hair stripes of dark and lighter alternately, with groups dark and light, stripe upon stripe, an inch wide. They make up most stylishly, are very durable, and require no trimming, excepting buttons; they look particularly well in dark green or plum colour. There is quite a rage for slate-grey, and very becoming it is to a bright, clear complexion, with a tinge of colour, and dark brown eyes and hair. It does not suit a blonde, nor a brunette with a sallow complexion; in fact, it is a very trying colour, especially when hat, feathers, and gloves are of the same shade as the costume. Trimmings of plum colour, brown, or green, not too sparingly used, will make it wearable for any complexion. The crinoline all round about is steadily coming in again, in spite of the valiant resistance offered to it by our Royal leader of fashion, the Princess of Wales, who has done her best to keep it down, but in vain. With the return of the crinoline we have the skirt put into pleats all round. We saw a stylish costume of this type for mourning, made of fine black Cheviot, the skirt quite plain, with which was worn a very natty cutaway jacket over a black and white check waistcoat.—*Apropos* of woollen costumes, a very pretty conceit of the period is to embroider borders and *tabliers* in bold floral designs on the skirts, scarves, and bodices, using coarse canvas, and drawing out the threads. For example, on a black material is worked (with carefully-studied negligence) on one corner of the tunic, which is turned back, a bouquet of field flowers, tied with a piece of fancy grass; round the hem a wreath of pink and white woodbine and fancy grass, fastened at the opposite corner with a bunch of ripe and unripe oats; the cuffs and collar are edged with woodbine; on the left side of the plain bodice is a bouquet of wild flowers. There is no end to the fancy designs which may be carried out by a woman of taste, and the amount of labour required is very small. A tan-coloured foundation of fine cloth is embroidered in ferns, green and brown; a green foundation, with poppies, daisies, and white butterflies.

Talking of these decorations for every-day wear reminds us of a unique collection of costumes which, in the course of our fashion *tourne*, we met with at a well-known West End establishment. From Japan, made to order from special materials which had been shaped into garments before sending thither, came specimens of embroidery so perfectly executed as to defy imitation. We were not surprised to hear that it had taken twelve months to execute this order. On the palest blue was a design in a darker shade of blue, outlined with pink; this was specially suitable for a tea gown, and only required to be sparingly trimmed. For a day *ête*, or a demi-toilette of any description, was a rich myrtle green, embroidered in red of a deep Indian colour. Very dainty and suitable for a young girl's ball dress was a shell-pink foundation, embroidered in two shades of blue. Very rich was a light crimson, embroidered in gold colour. The quaint designs included conventional flowers, birds, and butterflies. These gowns were somewhat expensive to purchase unmade, but they required little or no trimming beyond lace, and could not be imitated, for even in this collection no two dresses were alike.

Those of our readers who are meditating a trip to any of the fashionable French watering-places will surely shrink back appalled when they hear what the Parisian correspondent of a contemporary says of the dozen trunks requisite to contain the numerous costumes needed for almost every hour of the day, together with "a box of sunshades and parasols, to suit the character and colour of the principal gowns, and another box, with fans, which must also be assorted in a degree to the toilettes." To call this bondage to the outward attire a holiday is quite a delusion. Far more enjoyable is it to put on a simple serge suit, and either to rusticate at some picturesque country village in Devon or Cornwall, or to start off for Switzerland, where, by the way, we are liable to meet female travellers of advanced ideas and limited skirts, below which appear baggy trousers and ill-made boots. But yet there is a happy medium between the two extremes of over and under dress.

Walking tours are very delightful at this season, and for them nothing can be more comfortable than well-cut and fitting (not too tight) tailor-made dresses, plain skirts, trimmed with several rows of cream-coloured Russian or mohair braid, put on graduated, a simple scarf drapery, and a habit bodice, either fastened with a single row of fancy buttons, or a double row over a waistcoat, to match or to contrast. Neutral colours do not show the dust and travel stains so much as the more stylish and becoming shades of dark blue, green, or brown; but the latter are far more pleasing to the eye, and with a good brushing or beating very soon look bright and freshened up. With these costumes, felt hats, trimmed only with a band and buckle and a small wing on one side, are appropriate. Fine woollen stockings and soft leather boots with cork soles, made to order, are necessary to the comfort and enjoyment of the pedestrian, male or female. One of the useful novelties of the season is the "Silvertown waterproof," which has a very silky appearance, is extremely light and portable, and folds up into a very small space; it is an invaluable companion by sea or land. Travellers by road or rail will find "The Folkestone" a very stylish wrap-cloak, with a cape which forms a drapery, and simulated sleeves. "The Grace Ulster" is a very easy-fitting garment made in West of England cloth. A mantle, made of Cheviot tweed, with wide sleeves, which are loose, although they appear to be joined to the cape, and, in fact, to form a part of it, is to be commended, as it does not drag up with every movement of the arms. There is little or no alteration in the shape of ulsters, as they are not made for show but for warmth and comfort, hence any attempt to trim or embellish them must prove a failure.

As yet, there is no decided shape for winter mantles; velvet and satin visites and dolmans are worn of the same shapes as they were in the spring. The same may be said of bonnets and hats; one of the few novelties in that department is bonnets made of straw fringe in a variety of colours, plain or mixed, but most of our readers are content to wear out their summer stock of dresses and head-gear, and to wait until next month for their autumn outfit.



I.

The September Reviews on the whole are dull. "Politics in the Lebanon," by an "English Resident," the opening article in the *Fortnightly*, is a well-informed account of the intrigues by which France has been aiming to secure for herself the exclusive protectorate of the Latin Christians—her instruments as usual being the Maronite clergy, the same gentry who provoked the massacres of 1860, and would not be sorry now (unless "A Resident" belies them) if similar outbreaks should give the French a pretext for occupying the country. Fortunately Wassa Pacha, the new Governor, seems more disposed to imitate his predecessor, Rustem, than to prove

that supple tool of France he was expected to be; nor is it clear, though "A Resident" has his suspicions, that Russia would leave France undisturbed in return for permission to have her own way in Armenia. But though the attempt may be abandoned for the time, if ever indeed it was really serious, for France is scarcely yet in a position to take in hand so big a thing as the annexation of Syria, the Resident's paper is extremely interesting as a complete history of a political intrigue, the details of which have attracted little attention in this country, though strikingly illustrative of the usual manoeuvres of the diplomatic agent provocateur whether consul or a commander of a squadron, or officer travelling on some unavowed mission.—M. de Malortie's "Egypt for the Egyptians," draws a sad picture of the poverty of the *fellahs*, above all in districts "patronised by Europeans." It is this, not dreams of Egyptian nationality, which makes them pray to-day for Arabi's return; and this is the malady we have to cure if we would save the country from ruin. Clearly if the private indebtedness of the peasant has increased since Ismail's abdication from 1,400,000, to nine or even twelve millions (and this mainly to enable him to pay his taxes) there is need of some more drastic remedy than "constitutional charters" and costly mixed tribunals.—Under the quaint title, "Forty Years in the Desert," Mr. Ernest Hart pleads for migration & emigration in the West of Ireland; for State aid, not to send the people across the seas, but to plant them, as the old phrase ran, on the four millions of acres of reclaimable land which now lie almost wholly idle. That the large advances necessary for this would be properly employed and punctually repaid, and that the Irish of to-day would spend a lifetime in reclaiming twenty-acre patches of poor land at the best, as their fathers did fifty years ago, are taken by Mr. Hart for granted.—Another of Mr. Auberon Herbert's piquant dialogues of a "Politician in Trouble" will amuse even where it fails to convince.

In the *Nineteenth Century* the most welcome articles for those who read to be amused will be Dr. W. H. Russell's "Memories of Ischia," the well-written journal of a month at La Piccola Sentinella, from the beginning of July till within a few days of the catastrophe which proved fatal to more than one pleasant acquaintance of the *table d'hôte*; and Mr. Bromley-Davenport's spirited account ("Salmon Fishing") of two encounters with large Norwegian salmon, the first a hard-won but glorious victory, the second a defeat at the last moment through the slowness of the Scandinavian "gillie."—Among the political contributions the most interesting is M. Reinach's "Republican Prospects in France," chiefly for its severe but able criticism of the position of M. Clemenceau after six months of trial before the silent tribunal of the Chamber. The verdict is that, despite his very great gifts, his pluck, his *esprit*, his quickness of perception (though this last often leads him to persuade himself that he can get to the bottom of any question in ten minutes), M. Clemenceau, as a possible leader, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The *intransigents* even use but do not obey him, and some day, M. Reinach prophesies, he will commit political suicide by breaking with them.—Among the other graver articles, the most noteworthy—for Earl Grey's "Ireland and the Empire" sounds like an echo from some distant land where old-fashioned Political Economy is still enforced—are Amer Ali's "Life-Problem of Bengal," an able examination of the Government Bill for the better adjustment of the mutual rights of zemindars and ryots; and Mr. Arnold Forster's "Liberal Idea and the Colonies," a conclusive exposition of the commercial and political disasters which would follow on separation. The latter are put with somewhat novel force, yet nothing can be more certain that, however friendly may be the parting, the colony, thenceforth a separate country, would soon have interests dissimilar to our own, and even, as years went on, directly opposed to ours.—Mr. Gladstone's effort to increase the scanty number of Italian (not Latin) hymns by a somewhat jingling version of Cowper's well-known "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," will scarcely, we think, fill the place of honour, were it not interesting as a curious diversion of a busy statesman's leisure hours.

In the new *National* Mr. Henry Blackburn is justly severe ("English Art in 1883") on the absence of "enthusiasm for the higher forms of Art" which, with few exceptions, characterised this year's exhibitions. But can we expect ambitious work when a great painter has only "to take a pretty child, dress her in a grey green frock, set her on a stool, and call the composition 'Cinderella,' to coin 3,000 guineas; then turn the same child round, give her another dress, call her 'Caller Herrin,' and coin 3,000 guineas more?"—Lord Harris's "Development of Cricket" is dull, the fault, we suspect, rather of the subject than of the writer. The modern cricketer is too much a man of business to be amusing, and the summary of a season hardly livelier than a table of "averages" from a Blue Book.—Mr. Mallock, in his clever study of "Radicalism and the Working Classes" has little fear that sober-minded Englishmen will turn Socialists, but much that Radical teachings will engender a "chronic, aimless discontent" which, while failing "to assimilate classes materially," will effectually "separate them morally."

The *North American* is again chiefly noteworthy for its papers on social and political grievances, e.g., the arrogance of the *nouveaux riches* in "Class Distinctions," or the denial of all rights to the independent voter under the *régime* of "The Caucus and the Primary." Most interesting of all is the amazing contrast between Municipal and State expenditure in all the Northern towns as shown in Mr. Kasson's "Municipal Reforms." The one exception to the dismal list in which the Town debt stands sometimes to the State debt as 43 to 1, is Washington, the management of which is in the hands of a Board of three Commissioners, who work well and cheaply. But legislative interference of this kind is past hoping for elsewhere, and Mr. Kasson's other alternative, a limitation of the municipal suffrage, may seem to many more hopeless still.

Harper, the *Century*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, are all fair numbers. Two pleasantly written and prettily illustrated papers in the first, "Dalecarlia" and "The Catskills," prove *Harper*'s artists to be equally at home in depicting scenes from the Old World as the New. A legend of old slave times in the Catskills may be quoted. A negro girl had fled from her cruel master's house, but was overtaken by him at nightfall and bound securely to his horse's tail. As might be expected, long ere they reached home again the prisoner was a mangled corpse. Powerful influence saved the murderer from the gallows, but he was sentenced to be hanged in his *ninety-ninth year*, and till that day to wear a halter round his neck. Until quite recently there were old folk still alive who remembered having seen him in Catskill village "doggedly wearing the rope," which on certain occasions had to be shown in public.—"Recent Building in New York" and "Haunts of the Swamp Fox," a person better known to history as Francis Marion, the Carolinian guerilla chief in the War of Independence, are other papers which will "repay perusal."—The *Century*, hardly so good this month as *Harper*, has a fair descriptive article on "Cape Cod;" a fine, somewhat Napoleonic-looking, portrait of Burns to accompany a well-told "pilgrimage" to the poet's haunts; and a charming paper by Mr. Burroughs about migratory birds and their disasters, aptly entitled "The Tragedies of the Nests."—In the *Atlantic* we can only mention some further chapters of Mr. Crawford's "Roman Singer," some stately verse by O. W. Holmes on "King's Chapel"—the American, not the far-famed English "King's"—and a criticism by Mrs. Staunton of Phil Robinson's amusing "Poets and Their Birds," unassailable in its facts, but a little forgetful that the humourist is not always a rigid "scientist."

Indecision and sluggishness up to the fall of Napoleon III, betrayal of his trust during the investment of Metz, are charges to which a critic in *Temple Bar* believes "Ex-Marshall Bazaine's

"Apology" to be no defence. A great general would never have allowed the Emperor to overrule his "rational plan" of joining MacMahon in the Vosges; an active leader would have made Gravelotte a drawn battle; a simply honest man would have held Metz at least until the close of the year. Bazaine did none of all these things, and his "Apology" only makes his fault more evident. "August in Sussex and Siena" hardly satisfies the expectations raised by the alliterative title, but for this the lover of notes of travel will find full amends in the very pleasant "Wanderings in Skye."

Macmillan for September well maintains the high position it has taken in the last few months. Among the most attractive of many excellent papers, "Some Personal Recollections of Madame Mohl," and a graceful criticism of a "Neglected Book," the rarely read "Rambler," which its author considered the only one of all his works which was "pure wine, not wine and water," please us most of all. Mr. Wallace begins a not very interesting discussion of "The 'Why' and 'How' of Land Nationalisation," and Mr. Hawthorne's powers of sensational description are seen at their best in the *denouement* of his "Fortune's Fool."

Longman's, still foremost among the sixpennies, is best worth reading this month for its serials. A paper on "The Age of Trees" casts a shade of doubt on the great antiquity hastily ascribed to some of these survivors of the past.—In the *Cornhill* is a powerfully told tale of the revival of hereditary savage instincts in the case of "The Rev. John Creedy," a Fantee lad trained at an English University to be a missionary, and thence sent out to Africa with a fair English bride, whose broken heart—the consequence of his wild outburst—breaks also the last link which attaches him to civilisation. *Merry England*, with some curious particulars of the way in which their Westminster estates came into the possession of the Grosvenors; *Colburn*, with a fair paper on the Russian Navy; the *Gentleman's Household Words*, the *Irish Monthly*, have little this month of exceptional interest.

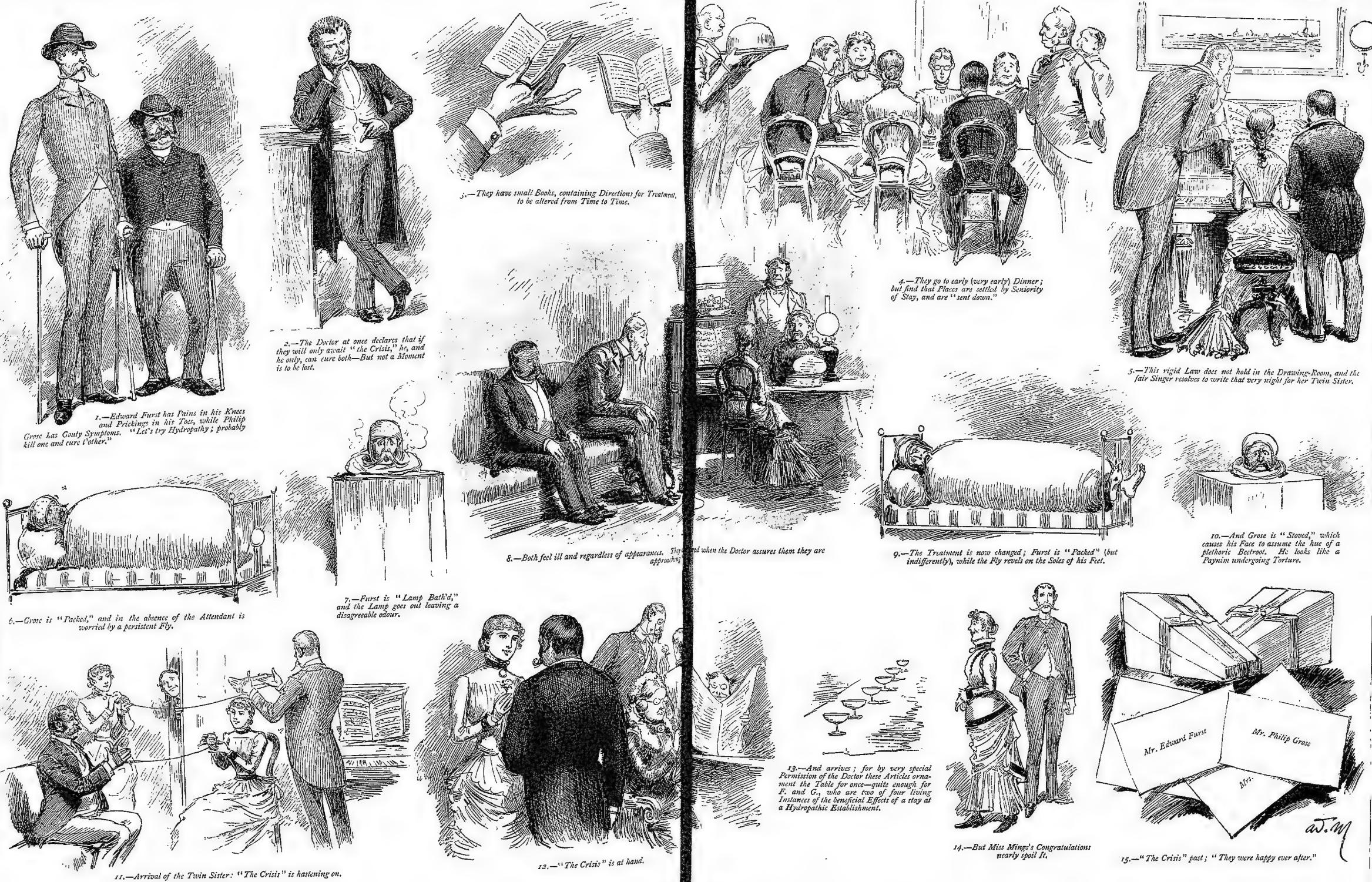
Of the Art Journals we like the *Portfolio* best. A paper by the editor on the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, and another by Miss Edwards, on "Portrait Sculpture of Ancient Egypt during the Successive Renaissance Periods"—from the 6th to the 11th Dynasties, and again from the 13th to the 18th, the history of Art in Egypt is a blank, followed each time by a new Revival—are both most excellent. Among the illustrations is a fine etching of Chagford Bridge, near Dartmoor, by R. S. Chattock.—To the *Magazine* Mr. Glazebrook contributes a pleasant paper on the country of Millet; Miss Harrison another chapter on "Greek Myths in Greek Art."—In the old *Art Journal* is a vigorous etching by Macbeth, a girl feeding a troop of ducks. Mr. Atkinson contributes a sympathetic criticism of the paintings of children in modern German Art; Mr. Harris a sensible article on "Technical Art Education at Home and Abroad"; South Kensington, he complains, only sends out teachers, all drilled in the same routine, and taught to work in the same grooves; Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole encourages us to hope that "the Museum of Arab Art at Cairo," if it do not raise the level of native Egyptian taste, will at least show their rulers that others value works of art more highly, and that it is more profitable to preserve them than to demolish half a mosque, as Ismail would have done, to make a new street in a perfectly straight line.



MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—There is a vein of true pathos in both words and music, by Clifton Bingham and Frederick F. Rogers, of "Overleaf," a very telling song for a mezzo-soprano of medium compass.—By the same *collaborateurs* is a sentimental song for a tenor entitled "I Know Not Yet."—Two vigorous patriotic songs, words and music by Harry Croft Hiller, are "Britons Bold" and "England Tough and True;" both are a trifle bombastic, but will find favour in the music-hall and the barrack-room.—A pretty love story of gipsy life, by Oliver Brand, is "Epping Forest," the pleasing music by Leonard Gautier.—By the same poet is a very sentimental love song, "Don't Tell Me, Love," the appropriate music by P. Von Tugginer.—Of the same school of wéé are "Longing," poetry by Matthew Arnold, music by C. A. Ranken, and "I Dare Not Tell," written and composed by M. Watson and Wilford Morgan; the last-named is published in three keys to suit all male victims to the tender passion.—No. 6 of "Bluettes Classiques," selected for her pupils by Miss Arabella Goddard, is a "Fugue in D," by Beethoven, arranged as a pianoforte duet; we commend it to the attention of music teachers in general as calculated to cultivate the taste for classical music in their pupils.—The same may be said of "Air and Bourrée from J. S. Bach's Orchestral Suite in D," transcribed for the pianoforte by Emanuel Aguilar.—Three useful and well-written pieces for the schoolroom are "Eraser Reigen," a "stately dance" for the pianoforte from Weber's melodious opera *Euryanthe*, "Valse de Concert" (in D flat), composed by Brownlow Baker, and "L'Eco delle Montagne," a very pleasing march, founded on a popular Italian melody, composed by G. Garibaldi.—Piquant and original is "Danse des Marionettes," a *morceau caractéristique*, by P. Von Tugginer.

MESSRS. WHITE BROTHERS.—A vocal duet for two sopranos is "Why Should We With Fancied Cares," words by Mrs. Hemans, music by Oliver Cramer; this simple and blithesome little composition is worthy the attention of singers of medium compass.—"Faithful and True" is a fairly good song, of the strictly domesticated school, written and composed by Clement Glenister and Karl Muscat, published in two keys.—By the same composer is a "Notturno e Balletto," for violin or violoncello, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte which will prove an agreeable addition to the drawing-room *répertoire*.—"Rosalind, a Polka Mazurka," composed by Louis Colas, "Tender Moments Waltz," by Oliver Cramer, and "The Little Coquette," a tuneful and easy waltz for a juvenile player, by Karl Muscat, are good specimens of their school.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—Two songs, which have already made their mark with the public, are taken from *Treasure Trove*, a comedietta, written and composed by Arthur Law and Alfred J. Caldicott; they are respectively "Cross Purposes," a *piquante* melody of medium compass; and "Love and the Maiden," of the same type, but for a soprano.—By the same composer is "Unless," published in D and B flat, with an *obbligato* accompaniment for the violin and violoncello; the ultra-sentimental words are by Mrs. Browning.—Tenors of a sentimental turn of mind will find "Thee Only," written and composed by H. S. Riddell and Malcolm Lawson, very well suited to their taste; this song is published in B flat and in G.—"Under the Dome," with an organ *obbligato*, is a sacred song, written and composed by the Rev. A. J. Jones; the only fault to be found therewith is that there are so many poems on the same worn-out theme—which, however, still retains its interest for a large number of singers and audiences.—A very graceful and playable fantasie, by Gustav Lange, is "Waldandacht," arranged on an air by Franz Abt; it will repay the trouble of learning by heart.—"Bagatelle d'Ennui," by Montefiore, is a showy piece for the pianoforte, admirably suited for after-dinner execution.—A set of waltzes, by Emile Waldteufel, "Souvenir d'Espagne," are worthy of special notice for their sparkling melodies and well-marked time.—A Gwyllim Crowe has arranged Lady Arthur Hill's popular song, "In the Moonlight," as a waltz, very successfully; it was, as a rule, encored each night of its performance at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden.



RICHARD OWEN

THERE have been many men of whom it may be said that, although their names are now inscribed in indelible characters upon the Temple of Fame, they were little regarded by the world until they left it. Some, indeed, by the force of genius, but more often by adopting some work of special interest to the people at large, have suddenly found themselves famous. But, as a rule, the enthusiastic hard-worker pursuing a branch of study which, from its nature, can only be estimated at its true value by highly cultivated minds, has too often discovered that, although he has been labouring for the good of all, he is appreciated by few. Many examples might be cited in proof of this ingratitude common to mankind of a past generation. But the onward march of intellectual progress has now placed the brainworker on a better footing, and in these days he is honoured during life, and even in his own country. In proof of this we could not point to a better instance than the long and useful career of Professor Richard Owen, who is perhaps entitled to place as many letters after his well-known name as anybody in the civilised world. Indeed, it would be impossible to name any important scientific Society, British or Foreign, that has not honoured him—or, perhaps, we might say, been honoured—by accepting him either as an honorary or a corresponding member. Beyond these distinctions, which he himself will value most, are those other decorations—the gifts of Sovereigns—which have been conferred upon him in plenty.

Richard Owen, the great English naturalist, was born at Lancaster in 1804, and from the time that he graduated at the University of Edinburgh twenty years later he may be said to have been constantly adding to the world's stock of knowledge. He commenced his public career as a surgeon in London in the year 1826, practising in Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Two years later, and at the recommendation of Abernethy, with whom he had previously worked at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he became associated with the College of Surgeons' Museum. In 1834 he was appointed the first Hunterian Professor at that Institution, and during his long enjoyment of that office he undertook the important task of editing and publishing Hunter's original papers. This he appears to have done at the suggestion of Mr. Clift, F.R.S., the Conservator of the Museum, to whose post he succeeded when that gentleman died. Until the year 1856 Professor Owen remained at the College of Surgeons' Museum, at which time he received the appointment of Superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum—an office which he still holds.

A summary, but an inadequate one, of the work which Professor Owen has accomplished can be gleaned by turning to the Library Catalogue at the British Museum Reading Room; and some astonishment will be created, not only at the vast number of entries under his name, which occupy several pages, but also at their extreme variety, for they touch upon nearly every branch of Natural History. Among them we find "The Catalogue of the College of Surgeons' Collection," of which the physiological specimens alone fill five quarto volumes; "The Bones," two volumes; and "The Fossils," three. But to show the wide range of knowledge comprised in this prolific writer's work, we may pick out the following:—In 1832 he issued a "Memoir of the Pearly Nautilus," illustrated, like many other of his works, by his own hand. In 1839 he published an account of "The Zoology of Captain Beechey's Voyage"; and in the following year he performed a similar task for the now historical "Voyage of Darwin in the *Beagle*." In 1852 appeared the valuable series of lectures upon "Comparative Anatomy;" in 1859, a work on "The Classification and Geographical Distribution of Mammalia." Later on, under the auspices of the Palaeontological Society, we find a series of papers upon "Fossil Reptilia," "British Fossil Cetacea," "Fossil Mammalia," &c.; supplemented by a work, which went through two editions, on "Palaeontology; or, a Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals, and their Geological Relations." Between the years 1870 and 1880 were produced "Zoology for Students," "The Principal Forms of the Skeleton and the Teeth as a Basis of Natural History and Comparative Anatomy," and a monograph upon that most interesting subject, "The Extinct Wingless Birds of New Zealand." But perhaps his greatest work is that on "The Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton," wherein the views of Cuvier, of whom Professor Owen had been formerly the friend and earnest disciple, are reconsidered and modified, for this work marks an important era in the history of that branch of science of which it treats.

A more tangible and popular, but not a more lasting, monument to the fame of Professor Owen will be the Natural History Department of our National Collection, now located in the handsome new building at South Kensington. For some years before he was appointed the guardian of this section of the British Museum, it had been often represented to the authorities that the premises in Bloomsbury were not large enough to contain one half the specimens at disposal. Even rumours reached the public that in certain vaults and out-of-the-way places were hidden away priceless riches which ought to be in the full light of day. Professor Owen continually urged the necessity for remedying this state of things; and, although public departments are difficult bodies to move, he was at last listened to. He supported his claims for attention by a pamphlet "On the Extent and Aims of a National Museum of Natural History" (1862), and ten years later Parliament sanctioned the erection of the new building. Those who have visited it, and have marked the complete manner in which the specimens are classified and arranged in the few galleries that are at present open to the public, will readily appreciate how valuable an addition to the resources of the student it will afford when complete. It is a gratification to us all to know that he who has done most to plan and forward this great and national undertaking is still here among us to rejoice in its rapid progress towards completion.



IT is not often that a novel comes before us with such exceptional claims to distinction from the general mass of fiction as "A Fair Country Maid," by E. Fairfax Byrne (3 vols., Bentley). It is a work of real power and purpose, and the characters are so original and so strongly marked that a certain touch of improbability—not otherwise felt—is conveyed by the simultaneous presence in a single village of so many people possessed of eccentricity, genius, or passion. That, however, is certainly no fault in art, seeing that the narrower the stage the closer and more effective the action. The author's object is to describe the condition of a country place into which advanced ideas, social and sceptical, are fighting their way hard, and affecting various persons in widely different ways according to their natures. Thus, the clear-headed reformer, Abel, who would confine himself to the redress of proven wrongs and the destruction of abuses, is brought into sharp contrast with the dangerous fanatic who is the brother of the noble and charming girl he loves, with the minister of the Gospel who believes himself an atheist at heart, with the narrow-minded old Radical farmer, and with the amiable Tory squire. But it must not be supposed that this is even in the first place a political or social novel. It is a love story, and only differs from others in not being a love story alone.

Marjorie, the fair country maid, is a heroine with many lovers, and will go far to include the readers of her story among them. Of course when all these men of opposite natures and conflicting ideas, not to speak of a heaven-taught artist-genius besides, are brought into close connection by their love for the same woman, an admirable plot cannot fail to develop itself in skilful hands. The most interesting of the characters, and on the whole the most original, is the infidel minister, Saul Howell; the most lifelike, however, is "Disreputable Old Scrag," the Radical farmer, whose death-bed is a scene worth mentioning. The various scenes generally are dramatic in the best sense of the word, and not seldom rise to an intensity of passion which becomes almost painful. It is singular under the circumstances that the first outset of the novel should be so unpromisingly feeble as to make it needful to warn readers against prematurely judging what we intend for high praise to be undeserved. It may be added that "A Fair Country Maid" contains very satisfactory signs that the authoress has not thought herself entitled to write without having thought and read a great deal more than is usual among the makers of contemporary fiction.

"Hélène, a Novel," by Mrs. Arthur Kennard (2 vols.: Bentley and Son) is the story of one of those uncomfortable heroines who imagine that illegitimacy of birth, under the most excusable circumstances, is of itself a moral or social bar to a respectable marriage. Whence novelists obtained that notion is difficult to imagine—certainly not from any actual state of society; but since the illusion is all but universal among them, Mrs. Arthur Kennard cannot be blamed for basing the plot of her novel thereon. It is usual, however, for a marriage register or some equally sufficient evidence to turn up towards the end of the third volume. Perhaps it is because she has wisely contented herself and her readers with only two volumes that Mrs. Kennard has avoided any such commonplace dénouement, and bids farewell to Hélène at the door of a convent, where she, bitterly disappointed with the results of her sacrifice to novelists' ethics, is about to take the veil. The whole plot consists of the efforts of her rejected lover, now married to another, to compromise her so as to drive her into an elopement with him, and of the manner in which she repels him. Considering what a vulgar scamp he turns out to be, and how successful she is in the fashionable career of a reciter, she is more likely to receive the congratulations of readers than their sympathies; and we cannot therefore congratulate Mrs. Kennard on having given interest to a story which could not possibly have been made attractive in any case, or even moderately interesting, without striking incidents and exceptional literary skill. Nor can a profusion of French quotations possibly be considered ornamental, however appropriate it may be to a novel intended to have a mild sort of French sentimental flavour. There is nothing to praise about the book, but at the same time nothing worth going out of the way to blame. It is strictly conventional, and typical of some thousand others.

Very few collections of short stories are worth special notice, but a signal exception to this rule must be made in the case of Lady Margaret Majendie's "Once More" (Bentley and Son), the general title of seven tales in a single volume. These stories are again classed as "of the past," "of the present," and "of the future," and are of all styles—fanciful, humorous, grave, and gay. Two of the very best are the stories of the past—"Wild Jack" and "Poll Miles." The former is historically impossible, being apparently founded upon an assumption that traitors or highwaymen were hanged in the early times of the Georges without form of trial. But, apart from this difficulty, the story is a model of its romantic kind. "Poll Miles" is the story of a village witch, who differs, however, from most of her craft in being young and beautiful, and without malice or complete consciousness of her power until her soul is called into life by an unfaithful lover. The elements of the homely and the fanciful are in this story admirably contrasted and combined. Space forbids the shortest notice of each story separately, but special mention should be made of the second "story for the future," entitled "The Lady Candidate." The authoress is certainly anything but an enthusiast for political equalisation of the sexes, and on this topic has put forward a great deal of exceedingly sound sense under cover of an imaginary incident which, grotesque as it is, we should hesitate to set down as out of the question under the given conditions. Having mentioned the first and the last story, we most cordially recommend all readers to make acquaintance with the merits of those which intervene for themselves. All are so equal in merit, in their very various ways, that to express a preference for this or that would be unfair to the others.



MR. J. S. COTTON has the courage of his opinions. He is not scandalised at the idea of Home Rule for India, nor does he think it inconsistent with the unity of the Empire. He is prepared to see white troops serving under black officers, Iago under Othello; the thing has been before, and may be again. He asks why, if the experiment of self-government succeeds in Baroda and Mysore, as it has done in Travancore, English collectors should be needed in neighbouring Bombay and Madras? We quite agree with him that the sojourn at Simla has sensibly diminished the importance of the Viceroy as an active administrator, and has given the provinces more chance of developing that local feeling which promises to make each province a centre for the sentiment of nationality to gather round. When India does get out of leading strings, it will break up into four or five Indias—a Federated Dominion. Mr. Cotton does not look through rose-coloured glasses when studying the effects on India of British rule. He sees that many industries have been destroyed, first by prohibitive duties in England, then by the competition of machinery. Add to this the decay of carpet-making, embroidery, metal-work, and other trades which were mainly supported by the native Courts, the loss being in some cases irreparable from an artistic point of view. As to the ryot, the question is not so easily answered. He is certainly not too well off now; nay, over large districts he is in a very sad state indeed, our Courts somehow playing into the hands of the money-lender, and making escape hopeless for the cultivator. Mr. Cotton states the case quite fairly, thus: Under native rule, custom allowed the assessment to vary with the harvest, while on our theory bad years ought to be set off against good in a way which people, less simple than the ryot, would find far too great a stretch of forethought. On the whole the most alarming change in India is one wholly due to our system, "the central Government has become stable, while the rural population is losing its stable equilibrium." The wonder is there should have been any equilibrium with 40,000,000 of human beings going through life on insufficient food. Mr. Cotton says nothing about what men like Chunder Sen always charge on us, the growing drunkenness of India; but he makes a good many references to the Ilbert Bill. He remarks that the opposition comes mainly from the Civil Service, and reminds us that after all the Civil Service exists for the sake of India, and not vice-versa. He has, by the way, no fear of over-population in India; this is an evil (he says) which corrects itself in agricultural countries. The correction is sometimes, as in the case of Ireland in 1847, rather a terrible work. We have left ourselves scant space for Mr. E. J. Payne's

sketch of our Colonies, their history, and their relation to the Empire. All this is well told; and "Colonies and Dependencies" (Macmillan) together make up one of the most interesting volumes of the "Citizen Series."

When a man, albeit as gifted as Mr. A. M. Sullivan, undertakes to give us "A Nutshell History of Ireland" (Sampson Low), in some sixty pages three inches square, compression must inevitably be pushed to unfair limits. Nevertheless the little book is a marvel of clearness, and the perspective is fairly kept; though we could well exchange the page about "Milesians," in whom the cold-blooded archaeologists persists in seeing nothing more than *militia militiae*, a soldier caste, for a little more about the scarcely shadowy period between Henry II. and Henry VIII. Mr. Sullivan throws much light on the strange state of things when the Irish Parliament, while enforcing and giving point to the penal laws, was at the same struggling furiously against Poynings' Act. His remarks on the way in which which '98 was "nursed" into a flame, and on the Educational contrast between the two countries, the intellect of modern England having been formed and cultivated, while in Ireland the eyes of the mind were put out, and habits and tastes of barbarism forced on the people by law, deserve careful study. We are glad that he recognises in the Land Act of 1881 "the guarantee of a happy and peaceful future"; we wish that Mr. Healy did the same. We suppose the work is up to date, but it contains not a word about the Crimes Act, though it speaks of the Coercion Bill of 1881 as "exceeding anything known outside Russia." The agrarian outrages of 1880 and 1881 are spoken of as "such evil concomitants of the incidental disorder, violence, and outrage as usually attend on popular convulsions." Mr. Sullivan is clearly misinformed on one point, or he would not assert that Mr. Gladstone "so skilfully arranged the financial part of his scheme that not a shilling less income was received by the Church after disendowment than before."

The Fisheries Exhibition has created quite a literature of its own. There is "The Sea Fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland" (Stanford), by Mr. Edmund Holdsworth, late Secretary of the Royal Sea Fisheries Commission, giving a full account, with illustrations, of the different modes of fishing, and a sketch of the English, Scotch, Manx, and Irish Fisheries. Attention will naturally be concentrated on the latter, for every one in England wants to know why it is they are so sad a failure. Mr. Holdsworth, like the Hon. Spencer Walpole, thinks the Irish fishermen don't deserve help, and believes that "poverty is but an imperfect excuse for the present state of things." They both forget that the English and Scotch fisheries were most sedulously nursed in their infancy, the latter (thanks to bargains the Scotch Members were able to make at the Union) long after it ought to have attained its majority. We wish Mr. Brady, of the Dublin Fisheries Office, had said more at the Conferences of the good results from the Canadian Grant in 1879, and from Lady Burdett Coutts's loans to Irish fishermen. Mr. Bloomfield gave some facts which show that the failure does not rest with the fishermen. Boxes of fine mackerel caught in Cork county cost so much in carriage to Dublin that the vendors netted about a farthing for three fish. Till the steamers between Kinsale and Milford, there was no cheap and expeditious way of sending fish to England from any place lying out of the Liverpool and Holyhead lines. Trawling, too, seems here as elsewhere to drive the fish further out, and to render them less accessible than before to the very frail boats which are all the mass of Irish fishermen have to trust to. We wish Mr. Holdsworth had told us a little about the history of our fisheries. He no doubt well knows how Arthur Young, travelling in Ireland just a century ago, was struck with the very unfair way in which the bounties to the Scotch pressed on the Irish fishermen, enabling the former to undersell them in their own markets. But his little book is full of facts which every fellow ought to know, and usually does not. The pamphlets and handbooks (more than thirty of them) "issued by authority" we shall say something about next time.

The other day we heard of an University dying out somewhere in America; but no one who has not looked through Mr. Edwin Wootton's "Guide to Degrees in Arts, Science, Literature, Music, Law, and Divinity" (Upton Gill) would imagine there are so many places of education in English-speaking countries alone. The book, which is one of the most painstaking and exhaustive we ever saw, is intended to serve as a guide to graduation in all Faculties except Medicine, and to the acquisition of learned distinctions other than degrees proper. Hence Mr. Wootton is led to speak of "bogus" degrees, to which he purposely assigns a special place of dishonour. The constitutions of the Universities, the subjects of examinations, the fees, the helps in the way of scholarships, &c., the expenses of the courses—on all these points he gives full and (as far as we can test him) accurate details. The book is a complete store-house of educational information, and should be in the library of every large school. We should say that the Faculty of Medicine is purposely omitted, and that the German Universities, proverbially the least expensive in Europe, are not included in the work because they do not insist on residence. We are sorry for the omission.

Very soon after Mr. Grove's somewhat controversial volume, follows Mrs. Julian Marshall's "Handel" (Sampson Low), one of a new series, "The Great Musicians." We sincerely hope the other volumes will be up to Mrs. Marshall's mark. She has given us a plain straightforward narrative, the very thing for those who want to know about Handel himself, and not about what others have thought of him and his possible plagiarisms. She is courageous enough to pooh-pooh the notion that he was in any sense an Englishman; we hope the German Handel Society will be duly grateful to her for this concession. She also admits that, though unapproachable in his own line, Handel has not swayed the minds of modern composers as Bach has done. Bach was not appreciated till many years after his death; but then *Israel in Egypt* fell so flat that the second representation had to be shortened and enlivened with Italian songs, and the third narrowly escaped being cancelled. The choruses, now so valued, were less appreciated then because there was not sufficient power to render them effectively. We recommend Mrs. Marshall's book as a model "Life." She does not make a hero of this coarse, rough-mannered, glutinous genius, whose wit (says Dr. Burney) would have been as good as Swift's had he known English; but she sets him before us clearly as he was.

THE LATE TELEGRAPH STRIKE in the United States has done a great deal of harm to telegraphic business in general. Hitherto busy Americans had utilised the telegraph on every possible occasion, as it was much less trouble to "wire" than to write even a brief letter. During the strike, however, they avoided using the telegraph for trivial matters, so as not to embarrass the companies, and now find that they can get their business done just as well by letter or special messenger at much less cost.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS IN RAILWAY TRAVELLING can be seen by the arrangements that the London and North-Western make for the convenience of travellers going long distances. Their first-class carriages are furnished with sleeping berths and lavatories fitted up with every convenience, to which access is obtained by a door opening into the compartment. This arrangement, securing greater privacy to a family or party, is no doubt preferable from an English point of view to the Pullman car arrangement. The journey from London to Edinburgh is now done in nine hours.

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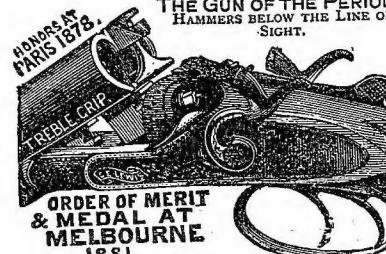
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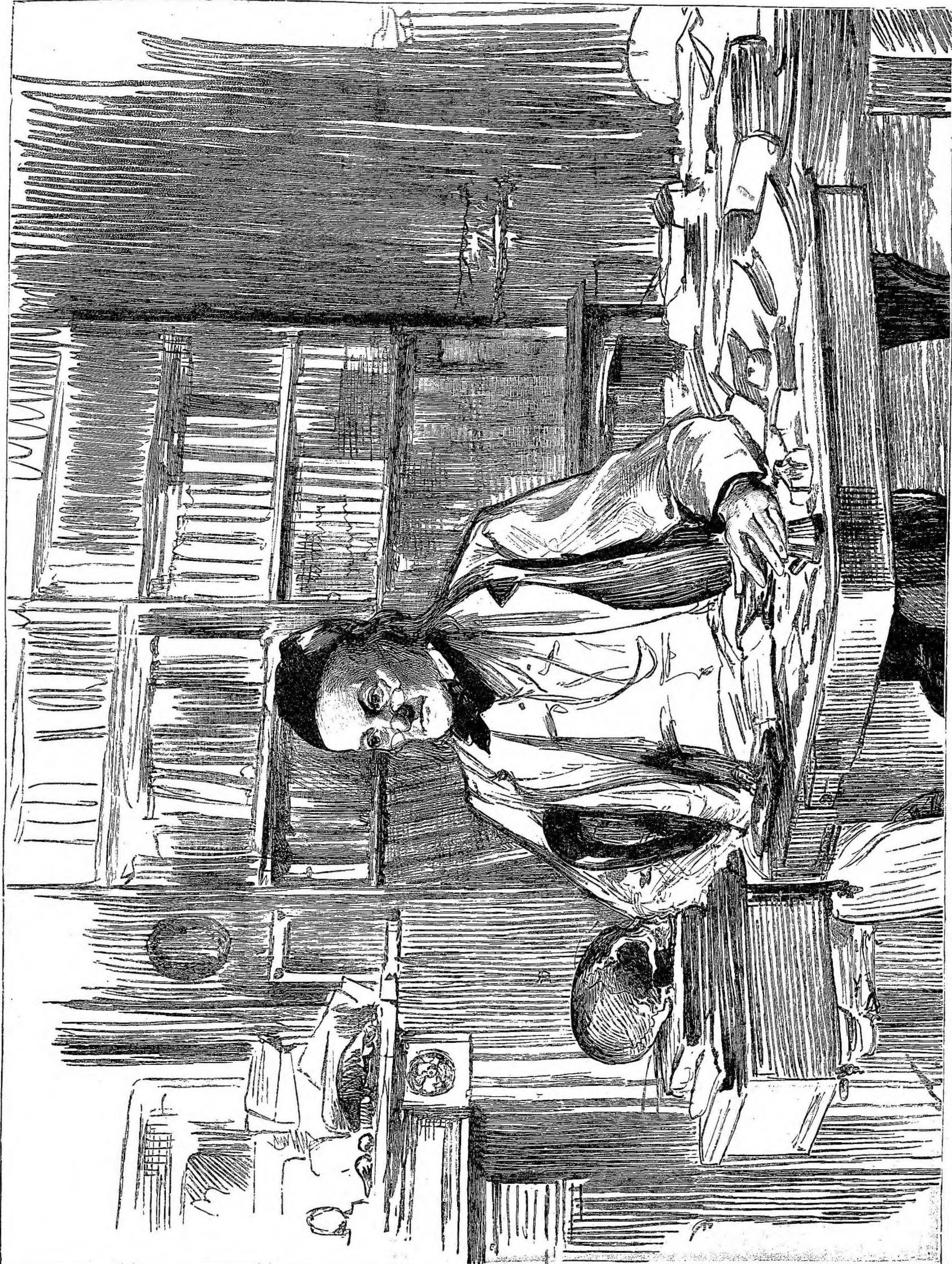
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